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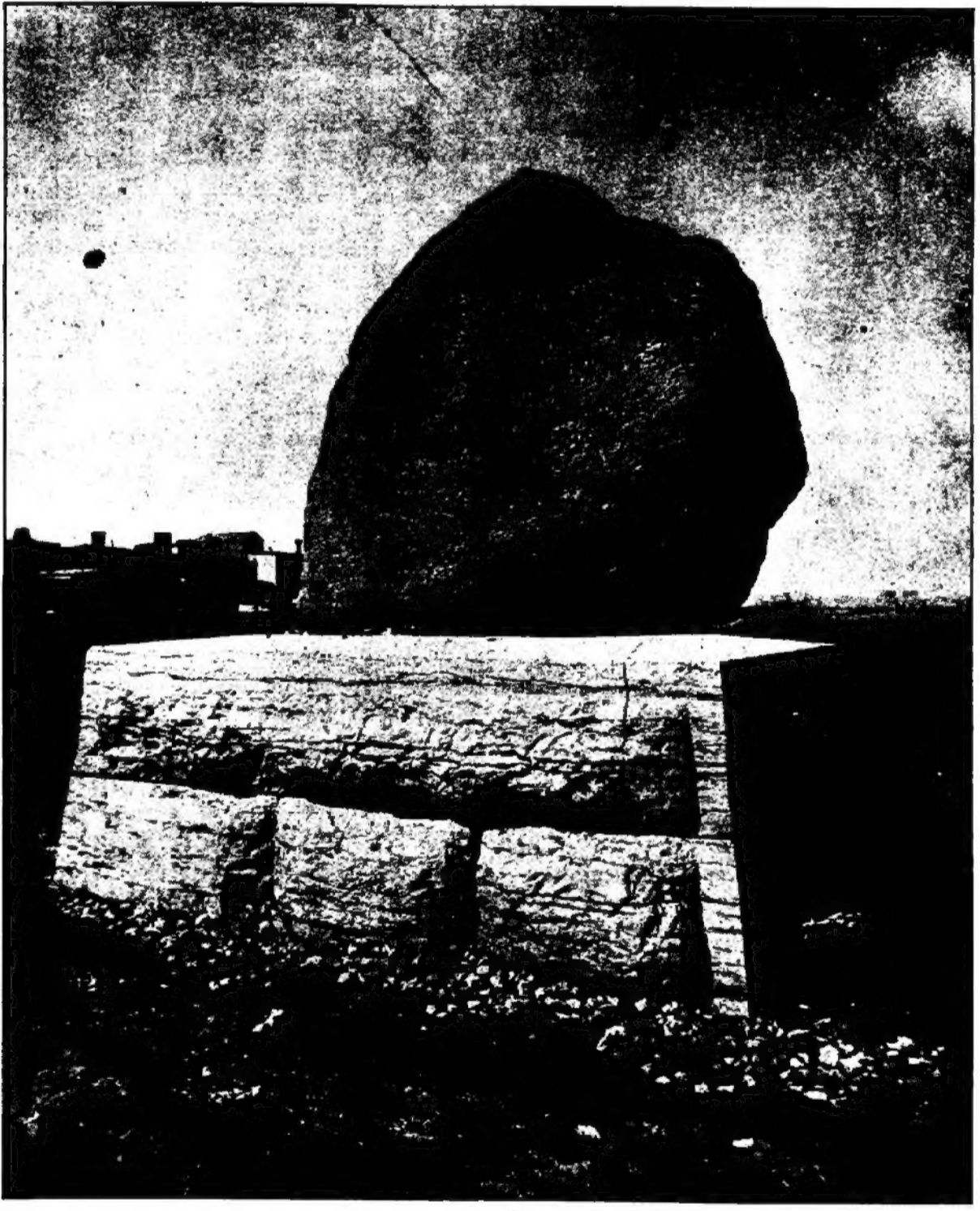
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DIED OF SHIP FEVER IN 1847.

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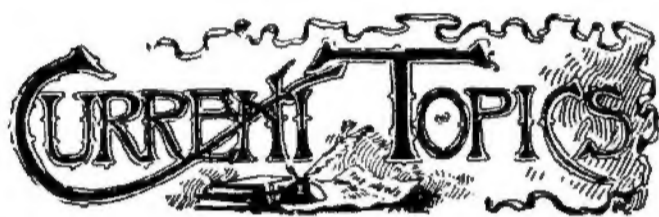
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14th NOVEMBER, 1891.



Maritime Legislative Union.

To the great mass of the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces the abolition of the present cumbrous and expensive provincial legislatures, and the establishment of one central government, would be an unmixed blessing. No solid argument can be raised against it; and yet, although much discussed, no definite action has been taken to bring it about; if but a moderate degree of energy and unanimity were shown in the matter, its accomplishment would be a matter of a very few years. The saving in expense, and consequent reduction in taxation, is obvious; not only would the outlay made from the provincial treasury be vastly reduced, but a saving would result to the Dominion exchequer in the lopping off of salaries paid to two of three lieutenant-governors; this may be but a small item, but it is one which, with many others alike unnecessary, aggregate to a considerable figure, which could well be put to more practical purposes. When we consider that the total population of the three provinces is barely a million; that three lieutenant-governors, twenty-six executive councillors, forty-seven legislative councillors, and one hundred and nine members of the legislative assemblies are considered necessary to concoct local legislation, apart entirely from matters of more general interest, attended to at Ottawa by another large body of Provincial representatives; and that the whole of the territory involved is contiguous, or almost so, and forms a block of no very great area, it appears to many that such a wealth of legislation might be well reduced to at least one-third of its present dimensions. The powers of provincial legislatures—as defined by the British North America Act—are purely local; and no such diversity exists between the residents of the three provinces as to render it at all probable that the true interests of any one section would suffer at the hands of the others. With the brilliant exhibition of the high form of statesmanship that has been given by Lower Province representatives in Parliament since Confeder-

ation, there is every reason to believe that the various questions submitted to a Maritime legislative union would be treated in a dispassionate manner, and with a view to the best interests of the community.

Slang in Canada.

The announcement of a volume purporting to be "a Glossary of Indian and Colonial Slang" naturally draws thought to Canadian offences in this direction. The author of the work in question omits British North America entirely from this range, probably on account of his lack of familiarity with the vernacular here. This is much to be regretted, as probably no work has ever yet appeared showing our lapses from orthodoxy in this matter; and, while thinking with good reason that the use of slang words and phrases is less common in Canada than in either India or Australia, it is still so prevalent as to require a strong remedy. Such a corrective would undoubtedly be a printed list of words in common use which are incorrect, and which should be discarded by all who wish to speak good English. There is need of such a publication. Who will supply it? Our proximity to the United States, where the use of slang has attained a degree of general use unapproached in any other country, has rendered it inevitable that a free indulgence in the habit should also exist on this side of the frontier; this has assumed such proportions as to demand serious attention. There is already far too general a repetition here of American words and phrases, and many persons who should know better seem to pride themselves on their use. Such a habit deserves strong condemnation, and, unless corrected, will result in the children, as they grow up, acquiring a foreign manner of speech.

An Unfounded Charge.

It is surprising that a man of MR. TARTE'S calibre should write such rubbish as appeared in *Le Canadien* of the 12th inst. By his general liberal tone on race questions, he has in the past earned a reputation for breadth of view unapproached by scarcely another French paper in the province; his remarks in question have therefore awakened a good deal of genuine surprise, and of sincere pity that he should have adopted the tone of papers like *La Patrie*, *L'Electeur*, &c. To say that a feeling of hatred against the French-Canadians exists in the hearts of the Canadian Tories is as absurd as it is false; from no party have our French-speaking brethren, as a class, obtained so many privileges, and by none to a greater degree than Conservatives have loyal and patriotic Canadians of Gallic descent been admired. Any ill-feeling that may exist is directed only against those who continually indulge in anti-English sentiments—who adopt a revolutionary and independent tone as offensive as it is silly—who are continually parading the "race and religion" cry, and ignoring the protection afforded both race and religion by Britain at the conquest—and who give undue prominence to a foreign flag (the tricolour) in preference to using and honouring the flag of Canada, our common country. Any irritation that English-Canadians may feel on the question of race is due to the efforts of many French-Canadians to extol their ancestry at the expense of their allegiance, by their apparent non-recognition of the fact that this is and will remain a British country; that each every soul born here is a British subject, and that the flag which should invariably fly at the post of

honour is that of this Dominion. Nothing is more galling to anyone who desires the real unity of all Canadians and a steady growth in patriotism than to see national holidays ignored, and foreign colours flown in preference to those of the nation.

Our Christmas Number.

To avoid any misunderstanding we beg to notify our subscribers that the Christmas number is an extra one, and is sent only when specially ordered. The price is fifty cents, and we would recommend that early orders be placed.

Literary and Personal Notes.

Lord and Lady Tennyson will pass the winter and spring at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight.

A new volume of Australian poetry entitled "In Middle Harbour and other verses," by Thomas Heney, has just been published in London.

Another book of Canadian travel is out, under the auspices of Bentley & Son; it is "My Canadian Leaves," by the Hon. Mrs. Richard Monck.

Mark Twain will shortly contribute to the *Illustrated London News* a series of letters based on some recent experiences in Continental travel.

Outing for November is an excellent number through-out. Among a variety of interesting articles is one on sport in Ontario by a well-known Canadian, Ed. W. Sandys, entitled "How I Lost My Thanksgiving Turkey."

The principles involved in the "The Training of Dogs" will be given by Dr. Wesley Mills, of Montreal, in the December *Popular Science Monthly*. The article will contain pictures of a number of champion hunting-dogs.

A German publishing house—Messrs. Kakula & Trubner, of Strasburg—will soon issue a calendar giving names of all the university professors and librarians in the world. It is intended to make the publication an annual one.

Frank A. Munsey, of New York, announces that *Munsey's Weekly* is changed to a monthly publication under the name of *Munsey's Magazine*. This is probably a wise departure. Mr. Munsey appears to be a man of bright ideas, but eccentric methods.

Walter Blackburn Harte will contribute an exhaustive account of the "Journalists and Journalism of Canada" to the December *New England Magazine*. Mr. Harte served a long apprenticeship in Canadian journalism and he knows whereof he writes. The article is to be finely illustrated.

Although rather late in the day we congratulate Mr. P. D. Ross in his assumption of the sole control of the *Ottawa Evening Journal*. The paper has been noted for its manliness of tone and perfect independence in matters of politics, features which have been Mr. Ross' aim to establish and deepen.

It is stated that in the later years of his life the *Century Magazine* offered Lowell \$1,000 each for as many essays as he would write for its columns, and that *Harper's Magazine* made him a proposition of \$5,000 for six essays. This shows the capacity of the great magazines to pay money, and their liberality in paying it. It also shows, in the opinion of a contemporary, the indifference of Lowell to money. Partly, perhaps, but we are inclined to think it shows also the fastidiousness of the man about his literary work, and his dislike of doing any such work to order. It was extremely difficult to satisfy Lowell himself with his own writings in his later life, and therefore he wrote little. His production was far less than that of Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes at the same age, though he was very fond of literary work in his youth.—*Boston Herald*.

W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., B.C.L., BARRISTER-AT-LAW, ETC.



R. William Douw Lighthall, whose name has been honourably associated with the scheme for the erection of historical tablets in this city, was born at Hamilton, Ont., in 1857, but has lived from childhood in Montreal.

He was educated at the High School,

where he came out as *Dux* and Davidson medallist in 1875. Entering McGill College, he graduated with honours in Arts in 1879, winning the Shakespeare medal in Literature, and the Dufferin prize for an Historical Essay. In 1881 he proceeded to his M.A., took the degree of B.C.L., and was admitted to the Bar. Like many members of the legal profession, Mr. Lighthall interested himself in public affairs, but he was impelled to the study of politics by his ardent patriotism and pride in his country's story rather than by any leaning towards party strife. Becoming a member of the Young Men's Reform Club, he was chosen secretary to that body, but on the reconstruction of the Liberal party in this province consequent on the Riel agitation, he resigned his position.

In recent years Mr. Lighthall's leisure (such rare *hore* *subseciva* as a busy professional man has at his disposal) has been devoted to the cultivation of literature, philosophy and antiquarian research. How fruitfully he has employed his time in these pursuits the readers of this journal are not unaware. As secretary of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society (a position that he held for several years), he had opportunities, of which he did not neglect to avail himself, for directing attention to the duty of preserving ancient monuments and of commemorating important events and heroic deeds in our two-fold past. The exhibition of historical portraits—sequel and complement of the Caxton celebration—which celebrated the Society's 25th anniversary, reflected credit on all its members and especially on those who, like Mr. Lighthall, took an active part in its organization. To an institution of kindred aim—the Society for Historical studies—he contributed some able papers, including a valuable account of the Battle of Chateaugay, which has been published with maps and illus-

tration. The Philosophy Club has also numbered Mr. Lighthall amongst its most earnest workers, and two publications—"An Analysis of the Altruistic Act" and "Spiritualized Happiness Theory" (a lecture delivered before the Farmington School of Philosophy) were probably due (in part, at least) to his connection with it.

Mr. Lighthall has laboured enthusiastically for the effacement of racial lines, so far as they are an element of strife and weakness in the Dominion. The formation of the French and English Club was the outcome of a desire to bring our two chief nationalities into harmonious and fruitful collaboration, and, as such, had Mr. Lighthall's good will. In the foundation of the Society of Canadian Literature (in which he led the way) the same patriotic purpose was present, and French Canadian literature has had its full share of attention in the essays and discussion of the society. The Chateaugay Literary and Historical Society and the Haliburton Club have recognized his services to literature and history with honorary membership, and he is a life member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art. He has served several times as delegate to the Royal Society of Canada, and was the originator of the Montreal meeting of that body in May last.

In 1879 a meeting was held in Montreal to consider the desirability of doing honour to its brave and pious founder, and an influential committee was formed to carry out the scheme. But years passed and no practical steps were taken towards the goal of fulfilment. Not till Mr. Lighthall originated the plan of historical tablets did aspiration begin to take the shape of achievement. In 1887 Mr. Lighthall brought out a small volume of poems entitled "Thoughts, Moods and Ideals," which at once met with a cordial reception from the press. The late John Lesperance welcomed the author to the front rank among our native poets. "The Young Seigneur"—a romance of Canadian life, in which French and British sentiment and character are illustrated by each other—was equally successful. The firm of Walter Scott, of Newcastle and London, was next induced by him to issue an

anthology of Canadian poetry. "Songs of the Great Dominion" appeared accordingly in 1889, and was greeted with loyal sympathy by the friends of Greater Britain at home and over sea. Mr. Lighthall has contributed largely to the *Week* and other periodicals in Canada and the United States. His pen is now, we believe, engaged on a historical romance of the early British period. Mr. Lighthall is married to a grand daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Wilkes, for more than fifty years rector of Zion Church in this city, and has one child, an infant daughter. In the present number we present our readers with a portrait of this representative Canadian *littérateur*.



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

In our last issue several views were given of this, one of the largest and best attended churches in connection with the Church of England in Canada. The history of the parish is nearly half a century old; the present building is the second of the same name, its predecessor, opened in 1844, having been erected on the north side of what is now Notre Dame street (a little west of McGill), then called St. Joseph street. It was a plain, but commodious, building, designed after the style of church architecture prevalent in England in the thirteenth century; its dimensions were 100 feet in length, by 56 feet in breadth, and its seating capacity was for over 1,000 persons. Mr. W. Footner was the architect, and the cost of erection did not exceed £2,700. It possessed a handsome altar-piece, and the fittings were substantial and in good taste. With the rapid growth of the city north and west, the church, after twenty-five years of life, was found to be too far down town for the majority of its adherents, as well as too small. A new edifice was decided on, and a splendid site was secured on what is now Osborne street, running from Windsor to Stanley streets; on this, in 1870, the present building was erected. From the first it has been singularly successful in every department of church life. The congregations have been large in number, hearty in service, and generous in all good works; a large variety of societies exist for all classes of members with the object of aiding religious and charitable objects. Children, young men, young women, adults—all have their share to do in the work of the church; and as the parish is a large one and embraces many poor families, the calls for aid are numerous. Those of the congregation who have been blessed with a fair share of this world's goods, are ready in response to the demands of their less fortunate fellow-members, and a great deal of practical, whole-souled charity is the result. No greater factor in developing the higher qualities of character, and in aiding the civilization of the world exists to-day than in a well organized and ably led Christian church; and of such St. George's is an excellent specimen. The clergy have always been of a high order, and to this much of the church's success has been due. The first incumbent was the Ven. Archdeacon Leach, who was succeeded by the present Lord Bishop of the diocese, Right Reverend William Bond; he held the rectorship until his elevation to the episcopate, when the Rev. Dr. Sullivan, now Bishop of Algoma, was appointed. On his promotion, the present incumbent, the Rev. Dean Carmichael—who had some years previously been the assistant minister—was called to the charge; his zeal and eloquence have greatly aided in the extension and practical power of the work of the church. A portrait and sketch of the reverend gentleman appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of 18th May, 1889.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE FUSILIERS.

It would be surprising if Halifax, the only city in the Dominion possessing an Imperial garrison, did not have an excellent militia. The warlike associations of the place, and the opportunities for observing the parades of the troops, should and does result in the maintenance of a volunteer force which, proportionate to population, is the strongest in all Canada. The Halifax Garrison Artillery, 63rd and 66th Battalions constitutes a force not far behind those of Montreal and Toronto, although the population of the Nova Scotian Capital is so much smaller than that of the two cities mentioned. Of the above corps, the 66th "Princess Louise Fusiliers" is the strongest, possessing eight companies; it was recently inspected by the Deputy Adjutant-General and passed a very creditable review. On page 476 we present an engraving of the officers from a recent photograph by Notman. Their ranks and names are as follows:—Lieut.-Col. Humphrey, Majors Weston, Menger; Captains Chipman, Brown, Whitman, King, Black, Davidson, Hale, Stevens; Lieutenants Wilmut, Ritchie, Smith, MacKinlay, Worsley, Stimpson, Wallace, Lewis; Second Lieutenants Ternan, Nagle, Mott, Stairs, Harrington, DeWolf, Kirkpatrick; Paymaster Humphrey, Adjutant Kenny, Quarter Master Hart, Surgeon Tobin, Asst. Surgeon Curry.



MR. W. D. LIGHTHALL, M.A., B.C.L., ETC.



TORONTO, November 6, 1891.



THE most important event of the week has been the meeting held in the interest of University extension. At the call of the Hon. the Minister of Education for Ontario, about two hundred of the most prominent educators of the two provinces were present. McGill, Queen's, Toronto, Trinity, McMaster and Victoria Universities were well represented, while the collegiate institutes and the public school staffs were in force. No less than three of our prominent ladies' colleges were represented by their principals, and a small contingent of ladies responded to the minister's invitation. At the public meeting on Thursday night, Professor James, of the University of Philadelphia, presented the idea contained in the term university extension as developed by his university in the two years the system has been in operation in the United States, the inception of it in America coming from the Quaker City.

At the morning meeting for organization a similar audience to that of the evening before assembled, Hon. Mr. Ross taking the chair, Mr. Wm. Houston acting as secretary. A very open discussion decided the feasibility of the scheme for Canada, and the only voice that hinted at affiliation with the Philadelphia association, that of Dr. McCurdy, of the Baptist College, was left to its own echoes.

A committee was appointed to draft a form of constitution and report at the afternoon meeting. At 3.30 the meeting again assembled, a little weakened in the matter of attendance by the calls of duty upon professors and others, but quite as enthusiastic as before. Principal Grant, as chairman of the committee, read the proposed constitution, which was adopted *seriatim*, the composition of the council forming a nucleus of rather sharp discussion for a little while.

Eventually, the meeting passed the first resolution calling the new organization the Canadian Association for the Extension of University Teaching.

The third resolution placed the composition of the council as, (1), the university corporations and their affiliated colleges; (2), the ministers or superintendents of education in each province; (3), representatives elected by the Association of Teachers in each province.

The following gentlemen were elected by acclamation as presidents of the association:—Sir Donald A. Smith, Chancellor of McGill University; Hon. G. W. Allan, Chancellor of Trinity University; Hon. Edward Blake, Chancellor of Toronto University; Sandford Fleming, C.E., C.M.G., Chancellor of Queen's University; Professor Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.; M. l'Abbe Laflamme, Laval University; with Mr. B. E. Walker, General Manager Bank of Commerce, and Mr. W. Houston, M.A., as secretary.

As with all new schemes, even in the minds of highly educated people, a somewhat hazy idea of the subject and its methods was evident in objections and claims made by certain speakers, and at one time it looked as if University Extension was going to be lost in a maze of ideas; ideas that floated away from the main point on a wave of indiscriminate responsibility that seemed to drift only towards seats in the council.

As Principal Grant wisely reminded the gathering, University Extension was the intent of the organization, and it was not at all a matter of personal or concrete representation on the board that would do the work; work which would be hard, unpaid, anxious and unflagging.

A weakness in the composition of the council, in view of present conditions, consists in the absence of the lay element and of provision for women upon the board. This latter was a feature certainly contemplated by the Minister of Education, but as the council is constituted there seems no opening for women in it. Whether the council can amend itself under a year's notice or not does not appear; a great mistake has been made, however, in excluding women, and certainly their addition was not before the minds of the men who spoke to any resolution.

The absence of the lay element is also a mistake. In all popular work the people must have a representation in the managing power if their interest is to be secured. And

without such interest the University Extension scheme cannot prosper. There are philanthropists in education as well as in charity—more, perhaps, than would be generally credited—and to these, both men and women, the scheme should appeal, claiming at once their confidence in its value and applicability to popular needs, and their enthusiasm in promoting it.

Two points were well insisted on at the organizing meetings: the power of finance as tending to secure continuity of prosperity, and the men sent out as lecturers. On the latter, perhaps, most depends, since, if you evoke enthusiasm by touching the soul of the audience, an attachment to the system is awakened which will bear pecuniary fruit. If our system of public education has really had the effect, as one speaker said, of making our people look for something for nothing, it would be a good plan for our lecturers to begin by inculcating a prouder independence of spirit.

In point of fact, however, our educational system is not so cheap as it looks. It is the people's money in taxes that pays for it all, from building to teaching staff, and books have been, in the past at least, a serious item to the average wage-earner's income, as also for the student. And if they are made cheaper it will still be by means of the taxpayer; only when all are taxed it lightens the burden to some.

I have probably said more on one topic than the limits of a letter justifies, but in a matter of national importance it is not easy to be brief.

Excellent news comes from Niagara. Two descendants of Col. Butler, the state of whose burial vault was spoken of in a previous letter, have at last been found: Dr. Stevenson, of Toronto, and Mr. Butler, of St. David's. These gentlemen have signified their intention to Mr. Kirby, who is president of the Niagara Historical Association, of having the contents of the vault, disturbed and dishonoured as they have been, moved to St. Mark's Burying Ground, Niagara, by the aid of the Niagara and Lundy's Lane Historical Societies; they will also legally convey the old Butler burying plot to St. Mark's corporate body, thus securing for it care and guardianship forever.

And all will gladly concur with the president of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, who says: "So, we are succeeding in doing something at one time and another in reverence for the past, in reverence for our fathers of old time, and in strengthening in ourselves and our people those principles which they practised, and in transmitting that goodly heritage to those who will follow us."

A pamphlet from the press of *The Week* has just come into my hands, which I am glad to see, since it is written by a graduate of Toronto University, who is doing his Alma Mater honour by excellent work in literature and learning. It is "Modern Languages and Classics in America and Europe since 1880; Ten Years Progress of the Learning," by A. F. Chamberlain, M.A., Clark University, Worcester, Mass. I hope to refer to the pamphlet again.

From a number of a monthly journal called *University Extension*, published by J. Haseltine Shinn, Philadelphia, I perceive in the Oxford annual report that "the first agitation in favour of University Extension was made at Oxford University as early as 1845." The first course, however, given under this title was by sanction of Cambridge University, in 1873. Oxford did not enter upon active work until 1878.

A great revival towards popular education in England followed the agitation for cheaper educational literature that was carried on by Lord Brougham and his friends in the early years of the present reign, and one of the active results was the organization and equipment with libraries, scientific apparatus, etc., of mechanics' institutes in most large towns. The same class of institutions exist throughout Ontario, but have become little else than newsrooms, instead of as they should be, the seats of popular lectures, even though some might be "of the magic lantern order," as a speaker to-day said.

S. A. CURZON.

A STEAM PHAETON.—A steam phaeton has been exhibited in London. A guiding wheel takes the place of the shafts, and the driver sits in the front. The engine, which is almost smokeless and noiseless, is well-nigh concealed in the framework of the carriage. The vehicle is said to be under complete control and capable of accomplishing twenty miles an hour. Coke is used as fuel, and sufficient is carried for a run of twenty miles.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*



ET us be comfortable. If a high collar cuts your neck, wear a low one. If narrow shoes pinch your toes, wear broad ones. If you cannot be fashionable without being uncomfortable, why, be as fashionable as you can.

I think that is the true philosophy of dress reform. Ladies who have small waists naturally, do not need any sermons about lacing. Sometimes in pleasantry I express my idea of the proper size of a waist, in this way: If your arm will just go round once, it is the right size; but if twice, it is too small. That is a very good way to test; and I will be glad to lend my assistance to any young lady desirous of settling the point. I know a nice waist when I see one; but whether the corset in itself is an unmitigated evil, is a difficult point to determine. And the divided skirt is a subject upon which opinion, like the skirt itself, is very much divided. Whatever may be evolved in the matter of dress reform must be modest and becoming. Dr. Mary Walker will never be accepted as an ideal type.

It was contended in a recent letter that the truest critics were not the professional critics, but rather the great world of readers who take a liking to a book without being able exactly to explain why, and without applying technical standards; and who were termed "lay critics." A New York publisher comes forward with another idea altogether, and holds that the truest critic is neither the professional critic nor yet the lay critic; but that it is the publisher who reads a book with a view to spending money upon it, and making money out of it. And it is true enough that a man is apt to be very critical about anything that affects his pocket. So, it appears, there are three kinds of critics: the professional critic, the lay critic, and the publisher with an eye to business.

Like the sea-serpent, the whale that swallowed Jonah appears in print every now and then. It frequently serves as a convenient peg on which to hang a little scepticism. Although the whale may have swallowed Jonah, there are many people who cannot swallow the whale. It is, therefore, a prolific subject of controversy. Those who take the negative side particularize upon the well-known fact that the throat of the whale is small; while those who take the positive side argue that no whale is mentioned in the original narrative, but simply a "great fish." The pros and cons have been ventilated over and over again. On reading a recent article upon this subject, written by a gentleman who is a photographer, I could not help thinking it a pity he had not been on hand upon the occasion in order to have taken a photograph of the event for the benefit of posterity, and thus have cleared up the whole difficulty.

The Greatest Woman Money-Maker.

Madame Patti without doubt makes more money than any woman of the present day. Among the aristocracy of wealth and birth there are no doubt many ladies whose incomes greatly exceed those of the charming songstress, but it cannot be said that they earn their wealth.

Her returns for singing when engaged are frequently as much as £4000 or £5000 a week, and the smallest sum for which she has been known to sing during the past few years is £750. On many occasions she has been paid as much as £1 for every note she has sung during the evening. In addition to her huge earnings she is able to stipulate, when travelling, that all her expenses are paid. What these expenses are can be gathered from the fact that her railway carriage is fitted with a drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen and sleeping accommodation, and that two French cooks always accompany the party.

But though her generosity is famous, Madame Patti is a smart woman of business, and her accumulated wealth in property of various kinds is estimated at between £800,000 and £1,000,000 sterling, most of which she has taken great care to invest in England, which she considers by far the greatest country for investment in the world.

In Africa the following summaries of square miles are claimed by different countries:—Spain, 210,000; Italy, 360,000; Portugal, 774,993; Congo Free State, 1,000,000; Germany, 1,035,720; Great Britain, 1,909,445; France, 2,300,248.



THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

"University Extension," which is undoubtedly the foremost educational topic of the day, has the first place in the November *Popular Science Monthly*. The article is by Professor C. Hanford Henderson, and embodies the methods and plans of the American Society organized in behalf of the movement. Mr. W. F. Durfee, in concluding his account of "The Manufacture of Steel," takes the reader among glowing furnaces, and embellishes his impressive description with many striking pictures. An essay on "Ornament" among savage tribes is contributed by Prof. Frederick Starr. The question, "Do We Teach Geology?" is asked by Robert T. Hill, who is inclined to think that much of our science-teaching is still unscientific. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, in the second of his "Lessons from the Census," points out some defects in the United States mode of enumerating the people, and proposes definite measures for its improvement. The making of "Reef-knot Nets" is described, with figures, by William Churchill. There is an account by W. G. Benton of "The Ethics of Confucius," often miscalled a religion. M. Lazar Popoff ascribes the "Origin of Painting" to a belief of primitive man that he could put spells upon animals through pictures of them. An account of the career of James Curtis Booth is given, with a full-page portrait. In the Editor's Table, "University Extension" and the recent "Group of Scientific Meetings" at Washington are discussed. New York; D. Appleton & Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has translated a large number of Tolstoy's books and Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has been journeying in Russia. What more natural than that she should see "Count Tolstoy at Home," and what still more natural than that she should make this the title and subject of a paper in the November *Atlantic*. There has not been a more vivid or appreciative sketch of Tolstoy yet written. Miss Hapgood, although admiring his great gifts, is not a blind adherent of his changeable philosophies. Here is a bit of useful information; the name Tolstoy with the "y" is the writer's own way of spelling his own name, and not a typographical error. There is the first installment of a two-part story by Henry James, entitled "The Chaperon," a subject quite to Mr. James's taste. Professor William J. Stillman's paper on "Journalism and Literature" will be read with disfavor by the journalist, and by the *litterateur* with delight. Mrs. Catherwood's agreeable serial is concluded. Lafcadio Hearn has a picturesquely written paper on "Life in Japan." Louise Imogen Guiney writes interestingly about a forgotten immortal, Mr. James Clauce Mangan, while the solid reading of the number is further augmented by a second paper on "A People Without

Law,"—the Indians,—by James Bradley Thayer; by S. E. Winbolt's Schools at Oxford; and by some able reviews, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The cover of *The North American Review* for November invites special attention to three of the articles which form its attractive list of contents. The first of these is entitled "Russian Barbarities and Their Apologist," and is furnished by Dr. Hermann Adler, chief rabbi of the united Hebrew congregations of the British Empire. The "apologist" with whom he deals is, of course, Professor Goldwin Smith, whose article on "New Light on the Jewish Question," in *The Review* for August, has occasioned so much discussion. Dr. Adler's paper is an eloquent reply to Professor Smith's strictures. The second "starred" article is "How to Improve Municipal Government"—a symposium to which four experts contribute. No. 3 is Part I. of "Italy and the Pope," by ex-Prime Minister Crispi, who writes clearly and with full knowledge on this interesting subject. Besides these three articles and the usual variety of Notes and Comments, this number of *The Review* contains seven striking contributions. Charles Stewart Smith, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, writes on "Our Business Prospects." Madame Adam, whose name is familiar to readers of *The Review*, gives an unequivocal answer to the question, "Are French Novels Faithful to Life?" That answer is in the negative. A very interesting subject is treated by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood in "The Lack of Good Servants." As a remedy she suggests the establishment of schools for the training of servants similar to the training schools for nurses which have accomplished so much in the last few years. Justin McCarthy, M.P., contributes an entertaining and instructive article on "Women in English Politics," showing that women are doing much more in England than here to control political movements. Stepniak tells "What Americans Can Do for Russia." He calls his plan a dream, but it is a dream with a very practical side to it. The results of the collection by census officials of facts relating to mortgages are summed up by the Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, under the heading "Public and Private Debts." The Notes and Comments relate to "Possibilities of Washington Society," "The Human Amoeboid," "No Starvation in Russia," and "The Coming Glacial Age." New York.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The most striking article in the *New England Magazine* for November is the initial article on "The Home and Haunts of Lowell," by Frank B. Sanborn. Dr. S. R. Dennen, D.D., contributes an old-fashioned homily on home. Another interesting and finely illustrated article is "The Start from Delfshaven," by Rev. Daniel Van Pelt. The pictures by J. H. Hatfield and others of the quaint old Dutch town are charming, and one wonders how the Puritans could drag themselves away from such a spot. C. S. Plumb writes of "A Future Agriculture" in the strain of scientific exaggeration now so popular with the Bellamy school of seers. A new writer, Jennette B. Perry, has a

story, "Dr. Cabot's Two Brains," in which science and sentiment are agreeably mixed. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, explains at this somewhat late day, "Why the South was Defeated in the Civil War." The article is interesting, however; Mr. Hart's deductions are much those which Southern students arrived at some long time since. The South had less men, no supplies, and a depreciated currency. Boston; New England Magazine Co.

OUTING.

The November number of *Outing* is a remarkable one, both for number and beauty of illustrations and variety of interesting reading matter. The current number is proof positive that *Outing* is in able hands. The contents are: "With the Humboldt Trappers," by Charles Howard Shinn; "Field Trial Winners of 1890," (concluded) by E. H. Morris; "Harry's Career at Yale," (continued) by John Seymour Wood; "A Cohutta Valley Shooting Match," by Will N. Harben; "Reminiscences of Irish Sport," by T. Murphy; "Fox Shooting in the Hudson Highlands," by W. B. Page; "Florida Razorbacks," by J. M. Murphy; "The Wild Goose in Nebraska," by "C. A. J."; "My First Teal," by C. B. Bradford; "The Running Broad Jump," (concluded) by Malcolm W. Ford; "The National Guard of California," by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U.S.A.; "How I Lost My Thanksgiving Turkey," by Ed. W. Sandys; "A Plea for Style in Boxing," by A. Austen; "Saddle and Sentiment," (continued) by Wenona Gilman; "Football of 1891," by Walter Camp; "Horseback Sketches," by Jessie F. O'Donnell; "Canoeing on the Flathead," by James Ollason; "A Mighty Hunter Before the Lord," by Virginus Dabney; "Told in the Twilight," by Alfred C. Stokes; and the usual editorials, poems and records by the standard writers on sport, etc. New York; The Outing Co.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

The atrocious brutality of pagan Rome is vividly shown in an article in the November *Cosmopolitan* on "Massacres of the Roman Amphitheatre," by Mr. C. O. Ward. An excellent paper—worthy the close attention of all young men in Canada, as well as over the border—is that on "Militia Service," by General Horace Porter. A very bright and pleasant sketch of the City of Chicago occupies twenty-eight pages, and is well illustrated; it is written by Captain Charles King, U.S.A., whose military novels have attracted so much attention. "Five Friends," by Louise Chandler Moulton, is a beautifully written sketch of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind English poet, and his family connections; a pathetic strain runs through the article, expressed in Mrs. Moulton's charming manner. Canada is represented by Archibald Lampman, who contributes verses entitled "A Midnight Landscape." Another article of great interest is "Alfalfa Farming," by John Brisben Walker, a description of a great Colorado farm and its novel crop. Other attractive features are "A Cruise Among the Windward Islands," "Batalia and Alcobaca," and "A Bit of Melody"; current events, book reviews etc., complete the number. New York; Cosmopolitan Publishing Co.

Montreal vs. Cornwall
He had \$50 on the Montrealers.



1st game

2nd

3rd

4th

5th

6th

ADDITIONAL NOTES ON BARON MASERES,

ATTORNEY GENERAL FOR QUEBEC, 1766-69.

By J. M. LE MOINE, F.R.S.C.



THE era from 1774 to 1791—that is, the seventeen years of our colonial existence governed by the constitution of 1774, known as the *Quebec Act*—without being particularly brilliant, of a surety challenges the serious attention of the investigator of the past. A poorly recorded era it certainly was; happily the documents throwing light on the same—scant though they were formerly—are rapidly accumulating up, since the creation at Ottawa—under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture—of a Public Record office, presided over by the indefatigable *Genius Loci*, Douglas Brymner.

To the modern annalist, the task of the historian is much less arduous than it was to those patient toilers, the historians Garneau, Bibaud, Ferland and Faillon, who had to wade through piles of illegible manuscript. What was denied to students previous to Confederation, is now readily granted, since 1867: free access to the treasures of historical lore in the British Museum, the archives of the War Office, of the Tower of London, and the British Public Record Office. These priceless stores of information, until Confederation, had been veiled for state reasons, which it is unnecessary to discuss at present.

Several English jurists, without visiting Canada, the advocate-general, Sir James Marriott, the attorneys and solicitors-general Yorke, de Grey, Thurlow, Wedderburne, through the memoirs, official reports and state dispatches they were called on to lay before the English king, are either identified with this epoch, or else have helped to make its history.

Others, like Judge Mabane and Baron Masères, had the advantage of being located in our midst, and acquiring, through their official positions, the information they sought. The force of circumstances made them eye-witnesses of our struggles; they were privileged to study on the spot the varied and exciting phases of this era of transition.

A well-known antiquary, the Rev. Abbé Louis Bois, has written the biography of the first—the upright and persecuted Judge Mabane, who expired at his villa, Woodfield, Sillery, in 1792. I shall attempt to give a hasty sketch of the second, Baron Masères, attorney-general for this province from 1766 to 1769.

* * * * *

On the 19th of May, 1824, England was mourning the loss of one of her most distinguished sons, Francis Masères, Baron of the Exchequer, jurist, mathematician, linguist, historian, publicist. The popular voice styled him "The Veteran of Science," while Literature proclaimed him the Mæcenas of men of letters in his town. That year death had closed his long literary career. Masères, a fervent Christian, had bid adieu to the world, its pomp and vanity, at the advanced age of 93 years, in his beautiful villa of Reigate, in Surrey. Friendship had inscribed on his marble tomb, "*Quando ullum inveniam parem?*"—"When shall we see his like?"

If Francis Masères, in spite of his Gallic name, was by his tastes, aspirations, convictions, loyalty, a true son of Albion—one might say, a typical Englishman; he never forgot, and more than once showed it, that for his ancestors there had been once a loved home beyond the white cliffs of England, that glorious old France, for which they had been ready to shed their blood, and which contained the sacred depot of their ashes.

It has been said that it takes three generations to make a real English gentleman; three generations had sufficed to make Masères a true Englishman.

Francis Masères was born in London on the 15th December, 1731. His father practiced as a physician in Broad street, Soho. His great-grandfather, a native of France, professed the

faith in which were born Henri IV., Catherine de Rohan, Condé and Coligny.

Three of his brothers had held commissions in the French army.

For the Masères, as well as for scores of distinguished French families, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, was the signal of departure; it meant poverty, sorrow,—exile. Preferring the latter to the sacrifice of his religious views, M. Masères, the ancestor of the Baron, sailed for England.

King William III., cognisant of his merit, gave him military employment in Ireland, and later, in Portugal. From thence he returned with the grade of colonel.

His son, a physician, having left Broad street, purchased a house in Rathbone Place, which ultimately went to his grandson, Francis, a brother of the Baron, who occasionally spent there many happy days.

Francis Masères graduated at the University of Cambridge, 1752-55. The young M.A. very soon displayed rare aptitude for science and literature. He gave himself up, heart and soul, to these pursuits, without striving very hard to acquire riches, though that fickle Goddess, yclept Fortune, more than once smiled upon him.

Whilst at Cambridge, he published the following essay: "*A Dissertation on the Negative Sign in Algebra, Containing a Demonstration of the Rule Concerning it.*" His aim was to facilitate for beginners the study of that science. Masères abandoned the university to study law. On being admitted to the English Bar he followed the circuits, without gaining much distinction. Later on, however, his knowledge of English jurisprudence was so profound that the members of both houses of Parliament would come to him for advice. George III. sent him to Quebec in 1766 as attorney-general to replace George Suckling, who had succeeded J. A. Cugnet, an eminent French barrister. In 1765 the proclamation of the Stamp Act had set all New England in a blaze. Masères rendered at this juncture, by his writings, good service to England; he was subsequently made Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer.

On ceasing (at his own request) to continue as attorney-general, he was asked to act in London as agent of the Protestants of Canada, and charged with advocating their civil and their religious rights.

The arbitrary treatment meted out by intolerance to his ancestors, in France, seems to have ever rankled in his mind; he cordially hated Roman Catholics.* His was another distinguished name to be added to the group of clever delegates charged to advocate in England colonial rights and immunities by the English minority or French majority in Canada: Etienne Charest, Adam Lymburner, Louis Joseph Papineau, Denis Benjamin Viger, John Neilson, James Stuart, Arthur H. Roebuck.

In 1779 the Recorder of London appointed Masères his deputy.

In 1770 the Court of Common Council made him president of the Sheriff's Court in London. He held this appointment until 1822, two years before his death.

The year 1784 found Masères deeply immersed in a dispute with the Royal Society of London, touching the dismissal of the mathematician, Hutton.

In 1800, Masères published a dissertation "*On the Resolution of Affected Algebraic Equations*," with profuse scientific notes.

Though our former attorney-general is known to us principally through his fourteen memoirs and

* Governor Carleton in a letter to Lord Hillsborough, rightly censures Masères' too "servid Protestant zeal" at Quebec, and rebukes his rooted prejudices against Roman Catholics as unworthy of such a learned man.

reports on Canadian affairs from 1766 to 1791, mentioned elsewhere, it was in the exact sciences, parliamentary law, philosophy, and parliamentary history of England where he made his mark † and where he so laboriously toiled.

It seems nearly incredible that so much scientific research and literary work could have sprung from one man's brain.

His purse was generously placed more than once at the disposal of literary, but impecunious merit. Masères lent the Rev. J. Hellins the money to pay for the publishing of the excellent translation he had made of Donna Agensi's treatise *Institutioni Analytiche*.

He once lent \$6,000, for a term of twenty years without interest, to an indigent author, to edit a work. In spite of these generous acts, his estate at his death was of much greater value than one could have been led to believe. His sojourn in Quebec afforded him ample facilities to study closely the wants of the colony, the weak points of the administrative system, the bickerings and friction between the new subjects—the French Canadian's and the King's old subjects, recently arrived from Britain. Though a trusted adherent of the King, he took sides against him on a point of vital importance to French Canadians.

"Masères, when Attorney-General for the Province of Quebec," says the historian Bibaud, Jeune, "denied that the King had any right to legislate for Canada without the co-operation of his Parliament," and according to Masères, the French laws had been the laws of Canada from 1764 to 1774. The Advocate-General, Marriott, maintained the contrary. One can easily imagine the chances of promotion Masères must have lost by thus rudely thwarting the plans of such a self-willed, obstinate sovereign as was George III. The Roman Catholics must also have felt grateful to him for his efforts to have the obnoxious Test oath modified. A warm friend to popular liberties, he had another wrong, in the eyes of the King—he was a Whig. An implacable foe he ever was to religious intolerance and arbitrary power; standing up firm for the maintenance of order and public authority.

The study of the Greek and Latin classics was Masères' delight. Homer, Lucian, Horace were his favourites among the ancients; he had them by heart, it was said, whilst he doted on Milton among modern writers. He liked and spoke fluently, the language of his ancestors, the French—the pure,

† In addition to Baron Masères' voluminous works on Canada, mentioned in a previous issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, I beg to subjoin the following list of his scientific publications:—

1. "The Elements of Plane Trigonometry, with a dissertation on the nature and use of Logarithms," 1760, 8vo.
2. "Montesquieu, Views of the English Constitution, translated with notes," 1781, 8 vols.
3. "The Principles of the Doctrine of Life Annuities," 1783, 1 vol., 4 20.
4. "The Moderate Reformer; or a proposal to correct some abuses in the present establishment of the Church of England," 1791, 6 vols., 4to.
5. Enquiry into the Extent of Power of Juries on Trials for Criminal Writings," 1792, 8vo.
6. "Scrip'tores Logarithmici," 1791-1807, 6 vols., 4to.
7. "Bernoulli's Doctrine of Permutations and Combinations with some Principles of Algebra," 1799, 8vo.
8. "May's History of the Parliament of England, which began 3rd Nov., 1640; a new edition, with a preface," 1814, 4to.
9. "Three Tracts Published in Amsterdam in 1691, and two under the name of General Ludlow to Edmund Seymour and other persons; a new edition, with a preface," 1813, 4to.
10. The Irish Rebellion; or a history of the attempts of the Irish Papists to exterminate the Protestants; by Sir John Templer; a new edition, with preface, 1813, 4to.
11. "The Curse of Popery and Popish Pains to the Civil Government and Protestant Church of England," reprinted in 8 vols., 1807.
12. Memoirs of the most material transactions in England for 100 years preceding the Revolution in 1688; by James Welwood, 1820, 8 vols.
13. "Select Tracts relating to the Civil Wars in England, temp. Chas. I. and Cromwell Usurpation," 2 vols., 8 vo.
14. "View of the Ancient Constitution of the English Parliament."



IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, HALIFAX.

old French of Louis XIV., the idiom of Racine, Corneille, Sevignee; making fun of what he styled *l'Argot Parisien*, he good humouredly jeered the French *émigrés* who frequented his *salon*, on their modern effeminate accent, though at all times ready to extend to them the hand of friendship. Round his hospitable board, says an old memoir, were grouped Archbishops, Bishops and other eminent members of the French clergy—safe in England from the guillotine of Robespierre. Amongst others, might be noticed a dignitary of the Parliament of Paris—an exile—greeted with a hearty welcome in Masères' Villa at Reigate. Though Masères despised the levellers of 1793, as well as Voltaire's subversive doctrines, he knew how to appreciate the brilliant writings of the author of *Zaire*. Scrupulously honest, unassuming, of an even, happy disposition, what especially delighted him was the bringing together, at Reigate, congenial spirits—lovers of the exact sciences. He could not bide the surly dogmatism of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson. On one occasion Masères met the old bear, at his publisher's store; the critic as usual launched out in unmeasured raillery of the contemporary writers, naming Hume and Voltaire. That was enough; Masères declared he would have nothing more to say to him. The Baron was a great chess player; he knew how to lose a game, with such charming *bonhomie*, that a friend of his once observed that of all his acquaintances, Masères was the only player on whose face a defeat or a victory could not be read. Contemporary memoirs display *The Veteran of Science*, in the sweet seclusion of his home, at

times, under a reverential aspect, recalling the tender piety and singleness of mind of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton—who through respect for the Supreme Being—whom he styled the *Gentleman above*—never pronounced his revered name without uncovering his head. Until his dying day the Baron's was the decorous bearing, the exquisite good breeding, the simple but punctilious costume of the gentlemen of the long robe,—the three cornered hat, the heavy powdered wig, the delicate, frilled shirt of olden days: such his daily attire.

To those who might love to re-people old Quebec with the men who in the flesh roamed through its historical thoroughfares, at the era following the great siege of 1759—when the 527 dwellings and public edifices destroyed by Wolfe and Saunders' shells were springing from their ashes—imagination would fain depict the cheery presence of the courteous dignitary strolling through the *Ring* towards the Chateau St. Louis, or hurrying down Palace Hill in the direction of the *Intendance* in search of documents from the archivist J. A. Panet—parchments of commissions, certificates of land grants, patents of French nobility, for his work "An account of the Noblesse or Gentry of Canada;" or else disputing at the corner of a street with the learned Cugnet anent an article of the Custom of Paris, or else attending the sittings of the Superior Council, presided over by the Governor, or perhaps, even like many some luminaries of our day, leisurely strolling up St. Louis street in the direction of the *Grande Allée*, after office hours, for his "daily constitutional."

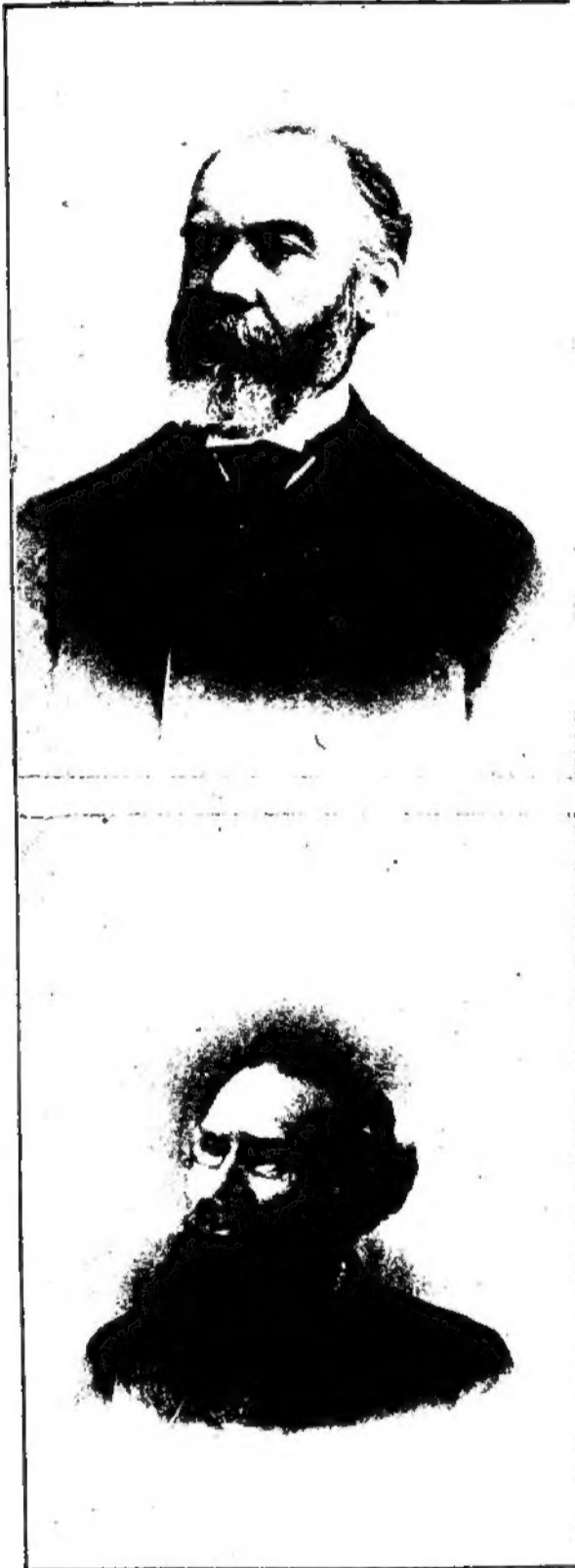
Spencer Grange, Quebec, Nov. 1891.

A Wise Russian Journal.

They seem to have strange ideas of Canadian affairs in Russia. The *Moskovskaia Viedemosti* (Gazette of Moscow) came out the other day with an editorial entitled "Persecution of Jews in Canada," wherein occurs this sage comment upon the action of the Canadian Government in refusing a landing to destitute immigrants:—

"The Canadian grate may prove hotter than the Russian frying-pan, and this state of things will not surprise our readers who are acquainted with English despotism in British Colonies. It is a fact that the so-called freedom which the perfidious Albion gives to her subjects in the 'United' Kingdom (the word United is under quotation marks in the Russian text), this so much boasted freedom is completely denied in Queen Victoria's Colonies. Our readers may have heard of England's cruelty and perfidy in India and South Africa; but many do not know that the same state of tyranny exists in all the English Colonies, Canada not excluded. It is therefore natural that the English Government supports gladly the popular animosity against the Jewish immigration which fosters pauper labour in Canada. Many a riot has already broken out against the Jews in Montreal and Kingston, where the natives refuse to work with the children of Israel in the same factories. There is no doubt that British officials encourage these riots, and we find a proof of our assertion in the anti-Semitic articles of Sir Goldwin Smith, Governor of the Province of Toronto!"

"Sir Goldwin Smith, Governor of the Province of Toronto!" And after all the professorial tirades against the gewgaws of British connection! Really this is too bad! One consolation only can we offer Mr. Smith. He is not alone in this new-born honour, for the same journal talks knowingly of "Sir McGreevy, a vehement rival of the late Sir John Macdonald!"—*The Canadian Gazette, London.*



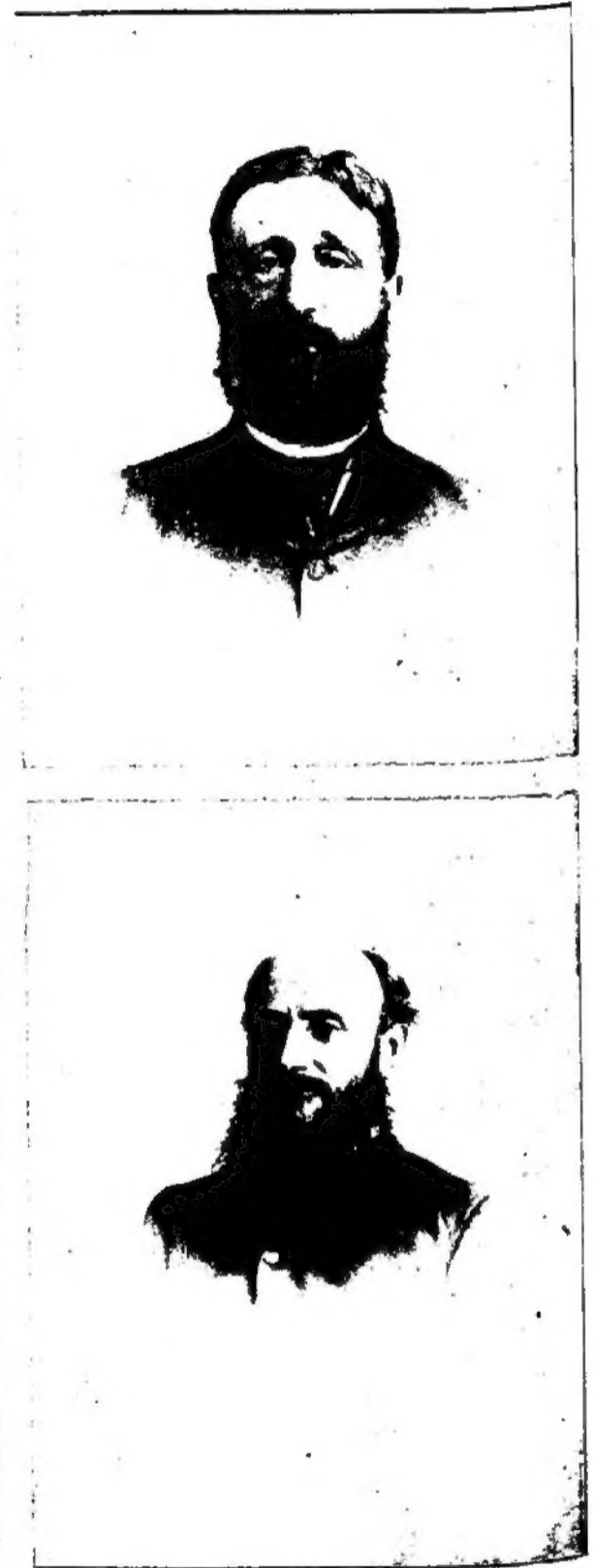
Dr. Allison, Vice-President.
R. J. Wilson, Treasurer.



OFFICERS
OF THE
NOVA SCOTIA
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY



Sir Adams G. Archibald, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., President.
Judge R. L. Weatherbe, Vice-President.



F. Blake Crofton, Secretary.
Sydenham Home, Recording Secretary.

NOVA SCOTIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



THIS society was organized at a meeting in Halifax, on the 2nd of January, 1878. A large and formal inaugural meeting was held on the 21st of June of the same year, in the Legislative Council Chamber, when Governor Archibald delivered the address, which is published in the first volume of the society's collections.

His audience included the general and admiral commanding at the station, and many leading citizens of Halifax.

The society was incorporated on the 17th of April, 1879, the incorporators named in the Act being Hon. J. W. Ritchie (the first president), Rev. G. W. Hill, Rev. T. J. Daly, Hon. W. J. Almon, T. A. Ritchie, W. D. Harrington, G. E. Morton and J. T. Bulmer. The corporation is authorized to "purchase, take, hold and enjoy real estate not exceeding twenty thousand dollars in value." But the society has not yet found it necessary to exercise this privilege, for during the legislative session of 1880 an act was passed amalgamating the library of the society with that of the legislature, and giving members of the society concurrent library rights with members of the legislature (except during the session of the latter body.) The Legislative Library, the receptacle of the joint collection, is governed by a commission, four of whose members are appointed by the Provincial Government and four by the Historical Society, the Lieutenant-Governor, *ex officio*, being the president. The Provincial Librarian is nominated by this commission, appointed and paid by the Government, and holds office "during good behaviour." By this rather anomalous amalgamating act, which has nevertheless worked fairly well so far, the society is relieved from paying for the storage and custody of books and pamphlets, and is enabled to devote its funds mainly to the publication of its Collections, though small expenditures are of course incurred from time to time for transcripts, stationery, halls for meetings, etc. Most of the society's books, pamphlets, newspapers and manuscripts have been acquired by gift or exchange, very few by purchase. The latest, as well as the most important, donation, was made by the will of the late T. B. Akins, D.C.L., of whom a picture appeared in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of May 30, with a biographical sketch by F. Blake Crofton. At the time of his death Dr. Akins was first vice-president of the society, of which he had been president in 1882. The clause by which he bequeathes all his books and pamphlets connected with British North America to the society, on condition that it provides satisfactory accommodation for his collection and keeps the same apart from its other effects, may possibly oblige the society to exercise its right to acquire real estate.

The first volume of the Nova Scotia Historical Society's Collections made its appearance in 1879, and is now almost out of print. The seventh volume has just been published. Exclusive of rules, lists of numbers, etc., the contents of volume I. are papers entitled, "History of St. Paul's Church" (Halifax), by Rev. George W. Hill, D.C.L.; "Nicholson's Journal of the Capture of Annapolis in 1710"; "An Account of Nova Scotia in 1744"; "Papers Relating to Trials for Treason in 1776-77"; and "Thomas' Diary of the Expedition of 1755 against the Acadians." Volume II. contains papers entitled, "Proposals for an Attack on Nova Scotia in 1776-77"; "The First Council," by T. B. Akins; "Journal of Witherspoon"; "History of St. Paul's Church" (continued); "Mémorial of Rev. James Murdoch"; "Mémorial of Sir Alexander Croke," by Sir A. G. Archibald; and "Papers Relating to the Acadian French." Volume III. includes the "History of St. Paul's" (continued); "Winslow's Journal of the Expulsion of the Acadians in 1755"; and "Government House," by A. G. Archibald. Volume IV. comprises papers entitled, "Biographical Sketch of Hon. Samuel Vetch," by George Patterson, D.D.; "Papers Connected with the Administration of Mr. Vetch"; "Journal of Colonel John Winslow" (during the siege of Beauséjour), and "The Province Building," by A. G. Archibald. Volume V. has, "The Expulsion of the Acadians" (Parts I and 2), by Sir A. G. Archibald; "Gordon's Journal of the Siege of Louisbourg, 1758," and lists of papers so far read before the society since its inception, indicating those that were and those that were not published. Volume VI. contains papers on "The Acadian Boundary Disputes and the Ashburton Treaty," by Judge R. L. Weatherbe; "The Loyalists at Shelburne," by Rev. T. W.

Smith; "Early Journalism in Nova Scotia," by J. J. Stewart; "King's College and Episcopate in Nova Scotia," and "Notes on the Early History of St. George's Church, Halifax," by Francis Partridge, D.D. Volume VII. includes a paper on "Vinland," by Hon. L. G. Power; "Notes on the Census of 1767," by D. Allison; "Letters and other Papers Relating to the Church of England in Nova Scotia," contributed by J. J. Stewart; "Deportation of Negroes from Nova Scotia to Sierra Leone," by Sir Adams Archibald, and the continuation of Canon Partridge's "Early History of St. George's," with a list of papers read (supplementary to that printed in Volume V.), and some remarks of the president on the work and progress of the society.

Though sometimes inviting addresses on local literature, or on general Canadian history, the society has hitherto felt constrained to limit its publications to papers having some direct connection with the history or development of Nova Scotia. Many of these papers have attracted considerable attention and furnished material for historians. In Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America" (Vol. v., p. 419), there is an "Essay on the Sources of Information" concerning the final struggle of France and England in Acadia and Cape Breton. The writer ranks the society's collections as only second in value to "Selections from the Public Documents of Nova Scotia," edited by T. B. Akins, and published in Halifax, in 1865.

"Next in importance to this volume are the publications of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, which was formed in 1878, and incorporated in 1879. Since that time it has printed four small volumes of collections, comprising many valuable papers."

The writer proceeding to specify some of these papers, not unnaturally gives the first place to "The Journal of Colonel Winslow at the time of the Expulsion of the Acadians"; but this was before Sir Adams Archibald and Professor Hind had read their important papers, which have thrown fresh light on the sad subject of *le grand dérangement*, and evoked spirited rejoinders from the Abbe Casgrain and other gentlemen.

Among the members of the society are many of the most gifted and most eminent men in the province, of all creeds and parties. According to the list in the forthcoming volume the membership comprises one life member, three honorary, six corresponding, and 159 ordinary members. But it is just possible that this list, like some other lists, may have been laxly, or charitably, revised, and may include the names of two or three gentlemen whose membership has technically lapsed. An ordinary member contributes five dollars in the year of his election, and two dollars in each subsequent year.

The officers of the society for the current year are:—President, Sir Adams Archibald; vice-presidents, Judge Weatherbe and Dr. Allison; corresponding secretary, F. Blake Crofton; recording secretary, Sydenham Howe; treasurer, R. G. Wilson. The Council is composed of the above gentlemen, with the addition of Senator Almon, Principal A. H. McKay, Rev. T. W. Smith, and Peter Lynch, Q.C. The president, the two vice-presidents, and Rev. Principal Forrest are the society's present representatives in the Nova Scotia Library Commission.

Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and of Nova Scotia, has been president of the society since 1886. Whatever may be the verdict of historians upon his public career (too long and important to be noticed here), the Historical Society of Nova Scotia will keep his memory green. His contributions to their Collections, numerous, able and interesting, his constant attendance at their meetings, his genial dignity in the chair, and his forethought and judgment in providing the yearly bill of fare, have contributed to the success of the society to an extent that can hardly be overestimated.

Hon. Mr. Justice Robert L. Weatherbe was born in 1841, called to the Bar in 1863, and appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in 1878. He is a graduate of Acadia College (B.A., 1858; M.A., 1861, and honorary D.C.L., 1883). He was counsel for Canada in the Halifax Fisheries Commission of 1877. Of late years Judge Weatherbe has shown a marked interest in the meetings of

the Historical Society, sometimes enlivening the proceedings by unexpected flashes of cynical wit. Besides his contributions to the society Judge Weatherbe is the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Dawn of a New Empire," signed "British American," and published in Halifax in 1864; and he wrote, in conjunction with United States Judges Miller and Cooley, the article in the *American Law Review* upon the "Codification of Law." The Judge is an enthusiastic apple-grower. He has induced some English friends to settle in Nova Scotia and engage in his favourite industry, for which his native province is so signally adapted: and he has aptly christened his pretty country place at Grand Pre "St. Eulalie," for it was the "sunshine of Saint Eulalie," according to Longfellow, "which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples."

David Allison, LL.D., the other vice-president of the society, was born at Newport, N.S., in 1836, graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1849, was appointed President of the Mount Allison College in 1869, and Superintendent of Education of Nova Scotia in 1877. This last office he has held, to the satisfaction of successive governments, to the close of last month, resigning it to accept a second call to the presidency of Mount Allison. Dr. Allison will be much missed both in the Department of Education and at the meetings of the Historical Society. In 1873 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him, *honoris causa*, by Victoria College, Cobourg, Ont.

Mr. Sydenham Howe, a son of the distinguished and high-minded statesman, Hon. Joseph Howe, was born in 1843. He served in the Royal Navy as naval cadet and midshipman, from 1855 to 1860, when he was invalided. Soon afterwards he obtained a position in the Nova Scotia Civil Service. In 1869-70 he was private secretary to his father. In 1870 he was appointed Dominion Auditor for Nova Scotia, which office he held until its abolition in 1887, when he was superannuated and attached to another department of the Civil Service. He has filled the post of recording secretary to the society for many years, and has proved himself a courteous and useful officer. Mr. Howe has edited a considerable portion of the printed collections.

Mr. Robert J. Wilson, the efficient treasurer of the society, was born in 1834. He was for twenty years an assistant master in the Halifax Grammar School, then under the mastership of Dr. Gilpin, at present Dean of Halifax. For the last twelve years or so Mr. Wilson has been Secretary to the Halifax School Commissioners. He has always taken an interest in church matters, and has been lay Secretary of the Diocesan Synod of Nova Scotia since 1872. He is also secretary to the governors, as well as to alumni, of King's College, Windsor, N.S.

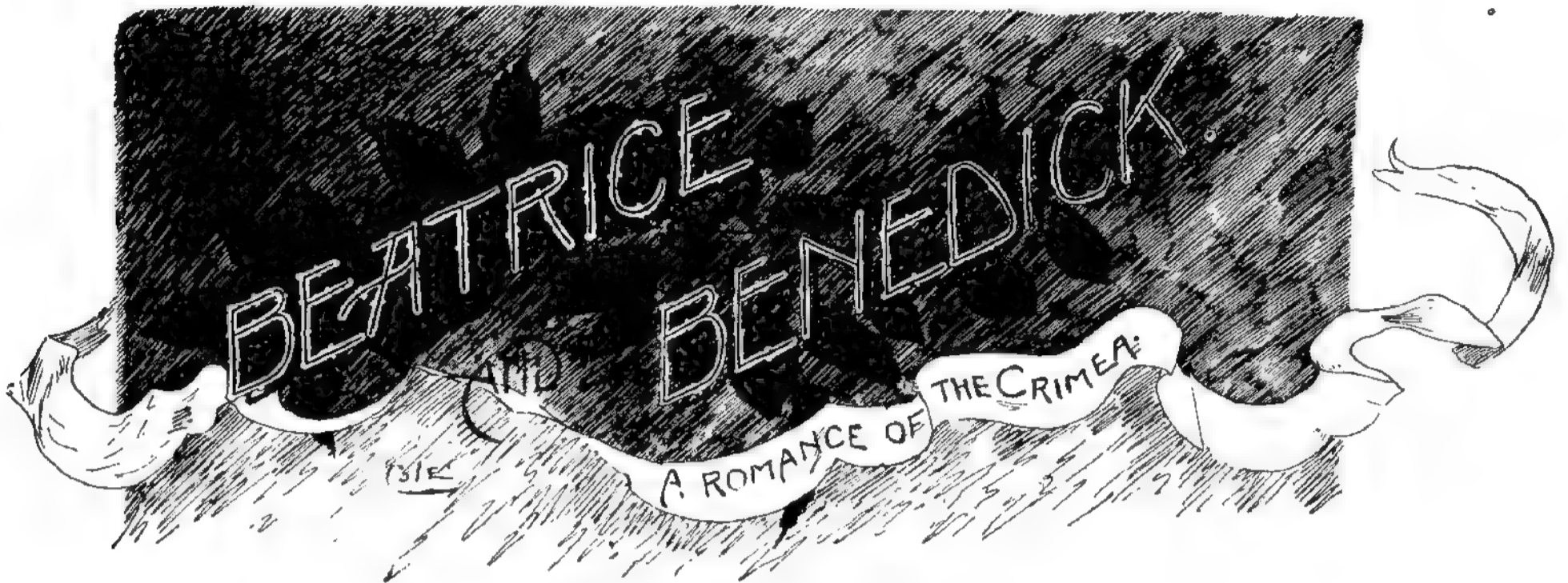
A portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Crofton, the corresponding secretary of the society, appeared in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED on the 25th of last July.

How He Spoke of Adam.

"I always speak of Adam as Colonel." "Why so?" "Why? I liken him to a Kernel, and hence to a kernel of corn." "O, rubbish! What are you trying to perpetrate? Why do you liken him to corn? Because he was gathered by the ear?" "Well, no—that's not the answer, though it's not half bad. I liken him to corn, don't you know, because he was shocked in the fall."—*Philadelphia Press*.

The Sportman's Gun.

Ed. W. Sandys, in Rod and Gun department of *Outing* for November, says: "I would advise no man to use a gun larger than a ten gauge, and honestly believe that it would be better were the 'shoulder cannons,' such as four gauges, not manufactured, and the same also might be said of repeating magazine shotguns. The ordinary sizes, ten and twelves, are already too deadly in practiced hands for the welfare of our diminishing supply of game. Neither is it good sport to take too great advantage of opportunities. Two barrels and a killing power, say as far as sixty yards, should be enough to satisfy an honest sportsman."



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XV.—BAFFLED.



IN a decent lodging of one of the poorest suburbs of Manchester, Polly Tarrant sat at the open window busily engaged in sewing. Already she recognized that the labour necessary for their support would fall mainly upon herself. Dick was by no means estimated by his superiors at the value he placed upon himself. Laxity of duty upon his part brought upon him rebuke, which petulant reply to those administering the "wiggings" did not tend to soften. Continual carelessness on petty points of discipline brought still sharper reprimand. Mr. Tarrant was by no means of the sweetest of tempers, and thought fit to indulge in recrimination with those having authority over him. Had he bowed meekly to reproof, he might have weathered the storm, but defiance to those in command admits of no toleration amongst disciplined bodies; and so, as the Inspector politely put it, Police Constable Tarrant "left;" he might have added, not altogether at his own request. And not only did Dick by this forfeit the very substantial wages he was receiving in the Force, but that Utopian dream of his, of living rent free, as a caretaker of empty houses, also fell to the ground. As a policeman his position was a voucher for his integrity, but now he was neither of them, nor recommended by them. His capacity for regular work was of the frailest, and Polly soon discovered with some dismay that what her husband picked up by odd jobs he for the most part expended on his personal pleasures, whilst for the keeping up of their home she must fain rely upon the proceeds of her needle. She shut her eyes close to the bitter bad bargain she had made, as such women often do. If he was short in his temper at times, well, poor fellow, he had a good deal to worry him, he couldn't help it; there were those inspectors, they had nagged him until he could bear it no longer, and was obliged to leave the police. Work was hard to come by, and, of course, a clever man like Dick worried at not being able to do more to keep up his home. She stitched harder and harder and would not see the imperfections of this false idol that she had set up, and made the most of two somewhat negative virtues. He did not get drunk, and he did not ill-use her, so Polly toiled on, and strove hard to hope for better times.

It was a warm summer day, and the cottage door stood open. Polly, as before said, was sitting at the window, and so engrossed in her sewing that she took no heed of a light footstep that crossed her threshold. The door of her room was ajar, it was pushed gently open, but it was not till a dark shadow fell across her work that Polly lifted her head and became cognisant of a visitor. For an instant she sat spellbound, looking at the dark-robed figure before her, and then springing to her feet, exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Nellie, dear Miss Nellie, how glad I am to see you."

"I've been looking for you for two or three days," replied Miss Lynden, bravely. "And if it hadn't been for cook, should have been puzzled to find you. Our old grocer told me where she was in service, and she told me you were married, and where you were living."

"Yes, miss," said Polly, "and Dick and me stayed on in the old house as long as they'd let us. But the landlord said we must go at the end of the half-year, and that he would put in a caretaker of his own. Is the Doctor quite well, miss?" continued Polly, with some slight hesitation, and a quick, nervous glance at Miss Lynden's black dress.

"My father is no more," replied the girl, and her lips slightly trembled. "It is that, principally that, has brought me to Manchester. Till the lawyer here who had charge of his affairs has wound them up, I do not know what I have to live on; but I'm told it will not be very much. Are you well and happy?" And Miss Lynden's quick eye already detected that wealth was at all events no ingredient to such happiness as there might be.

"Yes, thank you, miss," said Polly, somewhat hurriedly. "I brought away all the letters there were for you when we left Denton Lodge. I didn't like to leave them with the old lady who succeeded us, and I didn't know where to forward them."

"Quite right; though it's not likely there are any of importance."

"None of importance, miss," exclaimed Polly, triumphantly. "Why, there's three from the Crimea;" but to the girl's astonishment her young mistress only replied wearily—

"The Crimea is a thing of the past, and many a dream connected with it. However, get them, all the same."

Polly's domain consisted of but two rooms; that in which her visitor had found her, like the cobber's stall, was a combination of kitchen and dining-room, and although it was summer, there was a spark of fire burning in the grate wherewith to boil the kettle. Disappearing for a moment into the adjoining bed-room, Mrs. Tarrant speedily returned with the letters. There were two or three for the Doctor and five for herself. The first

she opened was from Frances Smerdon, imploring her to let her know where she was. A sweet, womanly letter, which, though touching on the close of the war and the prospect of seeing all their old friends home again, never alluded to her engagement. She pressed Nellie to come and pay her a good long visit at Twmbarlym, saying she quite yearned for an afternoon's gossip with her; but she never mentioned Hugh Fleming's name, and she had never of late omitted to inquire after him in her letters. "Dear Frances," muttered Miss Lynden, "she knows all, and lets me see that she does, but she's too much delicacy to allude to it."

The next letter she opened was that in which Byng had informed her that Hugh was alive, though wounded and a prisoner. She read it attentively. "Yes," she murmured, bitterly, "it was more manly not to speak till he was sure, than to go away with a lie upon his lips; and after racking a woman's heart strings for a whole year do his best to break it in the end. Yes, and here are two of his letters written by his lady-love's side. I wonder whether he gave them to her to read before posting them to the poor fool at home who believed in him."

The third letter Nellie opened was from Mrs. Montague. A commonplace epistle of vulgar condolence, expressing her opinion that Captain Fleming had behaved shamefully, that no man alive was worth breaking your heart about, that a captain in the army was no such great catch, and that she had never been able to make out that Captain Fleming had any expectations. Up to the reading of this precious note, Nell Lynden's face had been sad and sorrowful, mingled with a slightly contemptuous expression, a feeling provoked by the thought that she should ever have allowed a man to win her love who was so utterly unworthy of it; but Mrs. Montague's commiseration was a very different thing. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes flashed, "Insolent," she exclaimed, as she rose from her seat, and walked rapidly to the fire-place. "The idea of a woman like that presuming to pity me. I knew it, I was sure of it, all the people I knew here are laughing at me; it is always the case when a girl is as shamefully treated as I have been. They pardon the offender, and laugh at his victim. Ah, Hugh," she continued, as her voice softened, "it was but a sorry jest, to make a fool of a girl who knew no more about the world than I did; you might have had some little mercy. God help me, the lover and father both gone," and at the thought she could not repress a sob. "Tears, you fool," she continued—"what have you to do with tears from henceforth? It is time this farce was finished," and as she spoke she tossed the

whole packet of letters, including the two from Hugh, unopened, into the fire.

Polly Tarrant listened with open eyes to her young mistress's rhapsody, but when she saw those two letters cast unopened into the flames, she was literally petrified with amazement. She knew the handwriting of those two letters only too well. Last year, if there was a probability of anything arriving in that hand Miss Lynden had often forestalled herself in answering the postman's knock. She had seen those letters eagerly clutched, she had seen them read and re-read, and now, as Polly expressed it—"she's a treating them like trade circulars."

"Polly!" said Miss Lynden, turning almost fiercely round upon her, and speaking in low, hurried tones, "I daresay you've heard me laughed at, I daresay you've heard all sorts of horrid things about me and my poor father——"

"Indeed, miss," interposed Polly, "I haven't heard a word against you, except from the landlord, who was always growling at the poor Doctor about that half-year's rent."

"Don't interrupt me," continued Miss Lynden, "I'm going to write you down my lawyer's address. You must go up to the old house every now and then, and any letters that may come for me or my poor father you will take to him. And through him you can write to me yourself occasionally, but remember that you are to deny all knowledge of me to everyone. Let no one know of any way in which a letter can reach me. For months and years," and she glanced at her dress, "this will be my excuse for close retirement. I want to forget—ah! I have so much to forget. Never speak to me of the Crimea again. Let that terrible year be as if it had never been; let no one know that you have seen me. And now I must say good-bye. You promise faithfully to do all I have asked," and Polly, who was genuinely attached to her young mistress, and by this time dissolved in tears, although she did not understand about what, willingly faltered out the required pledge.

"Once more good-bye," said Miss Lynden. "I had no chance of giving you a wedding present before, so you must take this and buy yourself something now;" and as she spoke Miss Lynden slipped a banknote into Polly's hand, pressed it and was gone.

Polly sat down and enjoyed the luxury of a good cry with her cup of tea; and I have feminine authority for saying that there is much enjoyment in a "good howl." What she was crying about Polly was not very clear, but I have also a suspicion that that is by no means necessary for its thorough appreciation. Her old master was dead, and her young mistress was in trouble, and it was very kind of Miss Nellie to give her five pounds as a wedding present, and then Polly's thoughts wandered off as to what she should do with it. I have an idea that she did not consult her husband on this point, having already learnt that the knowledge of any such windfall was best kept to herself. She did not know quite what had happened, but one thing was clear, Miss Nellie never wished to hear of the Crimea or Captain Fleming again. She wondered what had gone wrong between them, but of one thing she was resolved, and that was to adhere firmly to the promise she had given.

Only two days had elapsed, and Polly as usual was sitting in the window once more immersed in her sewing, when the sharp crunch of a man's boot on the gravel caused her to raise her head. Another moment an impatient tap at the door betokened another visitor. She opened it, and found herself face to face with Major Byng. She recognized him at once and knew what errand he had come upon. It was all very well for Miss Nellie to have done with the Crimea, but the Crimea hadn't done with Miss Nellie. She curtsied, put forward a chair, and asked Byng to sit down.

"Well, Mrs. Tarrant, how are you?" said Tom. "You recognize me, of course?"

"Oh, yes, Major Byng and I'm very glad to see you back safe again, after all you have gone through."

"Thank you; yes, we had some roughish times out there. But you've got married since I last

saw you. I congratulate you, and as an old friend you must accept a gift from me upon the occasion;" and Tom attempted to force a liberal douceur into her palm, but Polly hastily stepped back a pace or two, and putting her hands behind her, said:

"I thank you very much, sir, but I cannot take your money."

"Why should you refuse a wedding present from me?" asked Tom, in no little astonishment.

"No matter, sir, I have my reasons; thank you very kindly all the same."

"Of course, you must do as you like, but it's rather a slight upon an old friend," said Tom, smiling, "more especially one who has come all the way from London to see you."

"Oh, no you've not, sir," said Mrs. Tarrant, looking decidedly obstinate, and as Tom said afterwards, "most confoundedly knowing to boot."

"There, you're wrong, for I have come from London to see you. I have come to ask you a question."

Mrs. Tarrant made no attempt to help him out, but waited quite demurely till it pleased him to speak.

"I want to know where Miss Lynden is at present."

"I don't know, sir," said Polly, somewhat equivocally.

"But do you know her address?" said Tom, sharply.

"I don't admit I do, and if I did I wouldn't tell you."

"She knows it perfectly," thought Tom to himself.

"When did you see her last?" he enquired, with what he deemed much forensic ability, but the result rather startled him, for Mrs. Tarrant suddenly drew herself up defiantly, and replied:

"Look here, Major Byng, I'm not in the witness box, and I haven't married a police constable without having learnt that what I say may be used against me. Where is Miss Lynden now? I don't know. What's her address? I don't know. When did I see her last? I don't know. But I have every reason to believe," concluded Polly, with indignant partisanship, "that she desires to have seen the last of you, and all of you, and maybe it would have been better if she had never seen the first of you either."

And now Tom committed a fatal error. Mrs. Tarrant had gradually lashed herself into a very pretty fit of virtuous indignation, and in a vain endeavour to calm the storm, he prefaced his next speech with, "My good woman." This was pouring oil upon the fire; there was never an angry woman yet that this epithet did not goad to madness. It is galling, when you have given a loose rein to all the devil in your nature to find it ignored and be blandly addressed as "good." Mrs. Tarrant was no exception to the rule, and indulged in a most uncompromising diatribe against the Army, generally expressed her opinion that it was a great pity that those who went to the Crimea hadn't stayed there, and that they ought to be ashamed to show themselves in Manchester, they ought. Still amidst all this flow of language, Polly gave no clue to the cause of it, and Byng, at last convinced that there was no information to be obtained from her, was only too glad to fly from the storm he had raised.

"Well," he thought, as he tramped back, "this is a devil of a sell. There is no doubt she knows where Miss Lynden is, and what her address is, but she's determined not to give it. I thought I was going to carry back such a bit of good news to Hugh. I wonder whether I bungled the business, whether offering her money at starting put her hump up? Thought I did it diplomatically, too; however, when a woman won't, she won't, and there's an end of it, and if ever a woman said 'shan't tell,' and meant it, it's Polly Tarrant. By Jove," he continued, taking out his watch, "I'm too late to go back to town to-night; luckily I've got a portmanteau at the station. I'll send for it, and get a bed and dinner at the Queen's."

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE AMBASSADOR.

Almost the first man that Byng encountered in the hall of the Queen's Hotel was Hugh Fleming,

and having given the necessary directions about his portmanteau, he at once bore him off to the smoking-room, to hear the account of his doings and disasters since they last met.

"It's something, you know," said Tom, as he came to the end of his narration, "to have got this far. We've found Polly Phybbs that was, and I've ascertained that she knows all about it. Now the thing is to make her speak. She won't for me, that's quite clear. Miss Lynden's dead full against you, and you've no chance of making it up with her, unless you meet her face to face. Mrs. Tarrant takes her late mistress' part, and is an out and out partisan, and no mistake. I don't know what chance you have, but you'll have to try; I don't see anything else for it."

"No, I must do my best," said Hugh. "I knew her a little bit better than you did, and of course she knew Nellie and I were engaged. It's quite possible she was indignant with you, because she thought I ought to have been there in your stead. Heaven knows I should have been, if I could have found her. I've been vainly trying to, for the last three days." So it was finally settled between them that Hugh should try what he could do with the implacable Mrs. Tarrant.

Though that lady gave a little start of surprise when Fleming presented himself the next afternoon, still there was defiance in every fold of her dress, contemptuous obstinacy in every line of her countenance. Neither money nor argument should wring Miss Nellie's secrets out of her, and if they insisted in worrying her in her own house, well they should have a bit of her mind, that was all. If Miss Nellie was above telling Captain Fleming what she thought of him, she wasn't. She frigidly acknowledged Hugh's greeting and placed a chair for him, but it required no penetration to see that though at present on the defensive, she was prepared to assume the aggressive on slight provocation. Hugh wasted but short time on preliminaries but came to the point at once. Would she give him Miss Lynden's address. He did not question whether she knew it; would she give it him? And Mrs. Tarrant's reply was, "not if she knew it," in every sense of the phrase. In vain did Hugh attempt to cross-question her. She would admit nothing, and gave palpable signs of becoming peppery under the operation. Quickly retrieving his false step, Hugh urged that he was engaged, as she knew, to Miss Lynden; that he had just returned from the Crimea, hoping to marry her, and that he could hear nothing of her; that she was withholding her address from him under a most erroneous impression; that there had been an infamous lie circulated about him in Manchester—could Mademoiselle Ivanhoff but have heard that; that this lie had probably reached Miss Lynden's ears; that it had already occasioned him infinite unhappiness; that he had at all events a right to demand an interview, if it was only to justify himself in her eyes—rather a high tone this to take under the circumstances—now would she give him Miss Lynden's address?

No, she would not; but though Polly was still inflexible in her refusal, she had softened very much in her manner. Hugh pleaded well, and Mrs. Tarrant was not insensible altogether to the titillation of acting as proxy for her mistress, in a good, strong love scene. She could not help thinking that if she had been Miss Nellie she would have got to say for himself. Whatever it was Miss Nellie thought he had done, it seemed they had been telling lies of him. But no, she had promised her young mistress, and she would be true to her word. Hugh at last saw that it was useless; he was conscious that he had progressed rapidly in Mrs. Tarrant's good graces, but he saw that she was quite inflexible in her determination to tell him nothing whatever about Miss Lynden.

"Good bye, Mrs. Tarrant," he said at last, "you've no doubt good reasons for refusing to give me her address, but you are wrong, and before long Miss Lynden herself will tell you so."

As he uttered the above words, a man's head was suddenly thrust in at the open window, which, as Hugh at once guessed, belonged to Mr. Tarrant

"I heard you'd a visitor," said Dick, "as I came up the path, so I just looked in to see who it was. All right sir, I'm coming in," and as he spoke Mr. Tarrant withdrew his head, and in another minute entered his own abode, and looked enquiringly at the intruder.

"This is Captain Fleming, Dick," said his wife. But this apparently conveyed nothing to Mr. Tarrant's mind.

"He came to enquire after—" and here Polly hesitated a little, "after Dr. Lynden."

"So I heard," replied Mr. Tarrant with the same stupid stare of amazement on his face; suddenly a light seemed to break in upon him. "Beg pardon, sir," he exclaimed, "but you're the young gent who used to come sweethearting after Miss Lynden. Captain Fleming, of course. I'd forgot, Polly. Bad business, sir. Ah, that Doctor was no better than he should be."

"Dick," flashed out his wife indignantly, "how can you say such things? It's downright wicked to say such things of a man's that's dead."

"Dead!" ejaculated Hugh. "Dead! are you sure, Mrs. Tarrant? How did you hear it?"

Polly felt as if she could have bitten her tongue out for the way it had betrayed her. For a moment she hesitated, and then said, somewhat confusedly:

"I forgot now. I read it in the papers I think, somewhere."

"Why you never told me a word about it," said Dick. "If you saw it in the paper, it would say where he died," continued Mr. Tarrant with a cunning look, "and I think this gentlemen said something about behaving liberal to anyone who could give him Miss Lynden's address."

"I've told Captain Fleming I don't know it," returned Polly, glancing uneasily at Hugh.

"If what you tell me is true," said Fleming, "I am more sorry than ever that you don't know it. Some of Miss Lynden's friends ought to be with her in her affliction. If by chance you should hear of it in the course of the next two or three days, perhaps you will send it to me at the Queen's Hotel. Good morning," and with that Hugh, more thoroughly convinced than ever of Polly's knowledge on the point, left the house. He had not got clear of the tiny garden, before he heard a footstep behind him.

"Look here," said Mr. Tarrant, "I ain't been an intelligent officer in the police force without having learnt a thing or two. Don't you believe her, sir. I don't know what her little game is, but she knows those Lyndens and where the young lady is. You want her address; leave that to me, Captain Fleming. Information's worth paying for. I'll leave that to you, sir. Queen's Hotel. All right, sir; good morning," and Dick turned back into his cottage, determined that Polly should tell him all she knew at once. But in this Mr. Tarrant was destined to meet with disappointment. Polly had hitherto yielded implicitly to him, but for once she was adamant. Let him bully or wheedle as he might, and Mr. Tarrant tried both, she still persisted in her negation, and Mr. Tarrant waxed exceedingly irritable at the idea of his wife's trumpery scruples and Captain Fleming's purse strings.

Rather a gloomy conference was held by the two friends when Hugh returned from his bootless visit. It was no use having ascertained that Mrs. Tarrant possessed the knowledge they wanted, if they could not make her speak. They came to the conclusion that unless her husband's influence prevailed there was nothing to be got out of Polly. As Byng remarked, "He was of no further use there," and so it was settled between them that he should return to London while Hugh should still remain at the Queen's on the chance of hearing from Mr. Tarrant. Tom indeed was anxious to get back to town to carry out a new idea that he had got into his head. His ideas had so far disappointed him, and he was more than ever impressed with the advisability of keeping them to himself. He had bethought him of another power wherewith to overthrow Mrs. Tarrant's obstinacy. He determined to send for Private Phybbs and insist on his requiring this service of his sister, on

behalf of the man who had saved his life. It would probably have made no difference, but he cursed his stupidity for not having played this card during his interview with Polly. He had guessed that Hugh had probably made the same omission from motives of pride. Men who do these things are not much given to bragging of them afterwards, or else in their own conversation in the Queen's Hotel Tom had told Fleming how he had discovered Mrs. Tarrant's address, and was therefore aware that Phybbs got through the eighth of September safely. Indefatigable in his friend's service, Tom, having ascertained by telegraph that though the transport was in, the —th had not sailed, rushed down to Portsmouth by the first train the next morning, and upon giving the Colonel a rough statement of the case obtained a furlough for Private Phybbs, and bore him back triumphantly to town in the afternoon, telegraphing to Hugh to hold on at Manchester. He explained to Private Phybbs what was required of him, that if he considered Captain Fleming stood by him on that eighth of September it was his bounden duty to stand by the Captain now that he was in trouble; that if he owed his life to the Captain this was his time to show himself sensible of it; and having thus primed him, Tom despatched Phybbs to Manchester by the earliest train he could find, and then, like any other great strategist, sat down to await the results.

But for Byng's telegram, not hearing anything from Mr. Tarrant, Hugh would have probably left Manchester, and passed Phybbs on his way. As it was, he took charge of that young soldier, and decided to wait and see what came of his interview with his sister.

Polly was honestly delighted to see her brother. His last letter had given no expectation of his obtaining a furlough for at least another month. She was very fond of Peter, and had made a great pet of him as a boy, as sisters often will with brothers a great deal younger than themselves, and she had cried very bitterly when she first heard that he had taken the shilling, and was for the wars bound. It had been a slight feeling of relief to find that he was in the same regiment with Mr. Fleming, who she had vaguely thought might befriend the boy. She was quite as conscious of the great obligation they lay under to him as her brother himself. If not from his own lips, she had it under his own hand, that if Peter was alive now, it was thanks to Hugh, and it had tried her sorely to refuse Fleming the information for which he had pleaded so earnestly and well. But Miss Lynden's injunctions had been most positive.

"Now, Polly, I've a great favour to ask you," said Peter, after the first tumultuous hugging and kissing had been got over.

"What's that?"

"Why it's about Captain Fleming, you know."

"Not that, not that," said Polly hurriedly. "He hasn't sent you here to ask me that. He knows I can't tell you. He knows that the secret isn't mine, or I would tell him at once."

"But look here, Polly, you know the Captain stood by me once."

Polly nodded assent.

"Well, I swore to myself that night that if ever I got the chance to do anything for him, I'd do the best I could for the man who saved my life in the bloodiest day I was ever in. Well, Polly, I ain't had much experience in sweethearting, you see; since I listed my time's been spent in the Crimea, and on board a convict hulk, where there wasn't much opportunity, but I've heard men take the loss of a sweetheart terrible hard—now I'm told the Captain is in a fair way of losing his, and all because he can't see the young lady. Major Byng tells me you can manage it for him if you choose, and I shall call it real mean of you if you don't. You know what he wants you to do, now why don't you say you'll do it?"

"I can't, I can't indeed, I tell you I promised not!"

"What's that got to do with it?" replied Peter, angrily. "Promise, indeed! I'd break any amount of promises if the Captain told me to. Promise—why I'd break all the Ten Command-

ments if the Captain wanted it—besides, Miss Lynden herself will thank you for breaking that promise."

"How do you know?" said Polly.

"Major Byng told me so."

"And how does he know, I wonder?"

"Well, I'm sure. Wouldn't a major in the British Army know better than the likes of us about that or anything else?"

"Don't tell me," rejoined Polly, with a contemptuous toss of her head; "a woman knows more about that sort of thing than any ten men that ever stepped."

"But I tell you," persisted Peter, "that it's all a mistake; Miss Lynden's mistaken."

"What about?" said Polly, curiously.

"How should I know? Major Byng says she is, and that the mistake would be put right in five minutes if Captain Fleming could only see her."

"But Miss Lynden doesn't want to see him."

"How provoking you are, Polly. Don't I tell you it's all a mistake, and how can you tell Miss Lynden don't want to see Captain Fleming until you let her know he is here?"

At last Polly was staggered. There might be something in this. She would be true to her promise, but she did not think there could be any harm in letting Nellie know that Captain Fleming was at Manchester seeking for her, and this much she told her brother she was prepared to do. But the ambassador had been too well coached in his duties by Byng to be satisfied with such a poor concession as that. He had, moreover, conceived a strong personal attachment to Hugh, independent of the feeling that he was indebted to him for his life. He was very resolute to help the Captain to the very best of his power, and still urged his point with the utmost obstinacy. But Polly was staunch to her promise, and would not give up the coveted address. A compromise was, however, at last effected between them, and Mrs. Tarrant consented to forward a letter from the Captain which would be placed in her hands.

With that assurance Peter returned to his principal, and judging by the time that Hugh took over that composition it was perhaps as well that no stipulation had been made as regarded its length.

(To be continued.)

The Lotus Flower.

(Translated from the German of Heint.)

The lotus shrinks and trembles
Before the sun's great might,
She droops her head, and dreaming,
Thinks of the coming night.

The moon he is her lover,
He wakes her with his rays,
To him she lifts, unveiling,
Her earnest, flowering gaze.

She blooms, and glows, and glistens,
And shoots up mute in air.
'Mid sweetest tears she quivers
With Love and Love's despair.

A. A. MACDONALD.

The Dominion Government have completed a lobster hatchery at Bay View, four miles from Pictou, N. S. The intention is to save such quantities of eggs as are now thrown away at the lobster factory. The law forbids the capture of lobsters having eggs in embryo. By the artificial process these eggs are brought in by the fishermen in the various factories. They are then deposited in a series of glass jars through which pure sea water is made to pass. Already several millions of young lobsters have been hatched and planted out in the localities where the fishermen have been in the habit of catching the parent fish, and there are about 50,000,000 of young in the incubators. It is said other hatcheries will be established in the provinces. The method adopted is certainly novel.—*Colchester Sun*.

= JEAN TALON, =

INTENDANT OF NEW FRANCE, 1665-1772.



It has often been said that the French are not a colonising people, nevertheless it was France that, in the 17th century, made the most serious attempt to establish a New France upon a solid and durable foundation, and it is to Colbert that we owe such establishment. Before this time the colony had been conceded to certain companies, who worked it for gain and not to foster colonization, nor for the benefit and welfare of the colonists themselves.

The ideas of this great statesman were broad and elevated. Seeing that New France from its establishment had made no progress, either in the increase of its population or in agriculture and industry, he resolved to remedy this state of things. In the first place he created, in 1663, the Sovereign Council (*Conseil Souverain*) for the supreme administration of justice, having similar powers to the *Parlements* of Paris and of the provinces of France. In 1664 the rights of the *Compagnie des Indes Occidentales* were purchased for an indemnity exceeding one million of francs, and the colony was returned to the Crown domain.

To aid and carry out his designs, Colbert found it necessary to appoint as Intendant a man of the highest capacity, and he selected Jean Talon, then Intendant of Quesnoy in Flanders. Talon belonged to the family of the same name, three of whose members shed much lustre upon the judiciary in the 17th century.

He arrived at Quebec in September, 1665, to enter upon his functions; and about the same time there arrived Governor de Courcelles and Colonel de Salieres of the Carignan Regiment, and the following account of these three personages, is given by Mother Juchereau in her "*Histoire de l'Hotel Dieu*" (p. 176).

"They had all three a handsome figure and a kindly air, which gained for them the respect and friendship of the people; to their outward attractiveness they added great wit, gentleness and good sense, and united perfectly to convey a high idea of the power and majesty of the King."

To these advantages, which he enjoyed in common with the Governor and Colonel, Talon possessed high intellectual culture.

According to the *Journal des Jesuites* (2nd July, 1666), Talon had given fair attention to the study of philosophy, as we may conjecture from the following quotation from the *Journal*.

"The first philosophical discussions are held in the Congregation (chapel) with success. All the dignitaries are present. M. l'Intendant Talon, amongst others, argued well."

Poetry also seems to have charmed the leisure hours of this remarkable man, whose duties were of so grave a nature. Evidence of this is found in the following passage of the "*Histoire de l'Hotel Dieu*" (236). Speaking of Mother Boulié de la Nativite, Mother Juchereau writes:

"She joins to her rare virtues a gay and agreeable mind, charming in conversation, and having an admirable facility of expression in prose and verse. M. Talon, Intendant, who dabbled in poetry sometimes, sent her madrigals and epigrams, to which she answered immediately very wittily, and in the same style, and their pieces were admired by all connoisseurs."

Unhappily, nothing remains to us of this pleasant interchange of poetry between Talon and the good sister.

Mother Juchereau has told us how the three dignitaries, the Governor, the Intendant and the Colonel strove to give the people a high idea of Royal majesty, but in this respect the Marquis de Tracy, then also at Quebec, surpassed them all three in magnificence.

In his quality of Lieutenant-General of the King, Louis XIV., for all the French possessions in America, de Tracy

displayed a pomp which has since been surpassed only by the sumptuousness of Lord Durham when he came to Quebec as High Commissioner in 1838.

"The Viceroy (de Tracy)," says Mother Juchereau, "never walks abroad without being preceded by twenty-four guards and four pages, and followed by six lacqueys, and surrounded by a great number of richly clad officers. The King had given him four companies of infantry, and permitted his guards to wear the Royal colours."

But to return to the Intendant Talon. His high intellectual culture did not exclude a highly practical mind, such as was needed for putting into execution the first instructions given him by Colbert, which were in the following terms:

"The Intendant must acquaint himself with the revenues of the country, how the moneys are spent and the debts already contracted, so that he may set all right. He must particularly observe that the colonists have settled at too great distance one from the other. . . . Henceforth clear-



JEAN TALON.

ances must be made from neighbour to neighbour. The Intendant must see that some lands are cleared and dwellings erected each year. . . . He will also establish manufactures, and bring in skilled labour for the fabrication of the most necessary articles, the raw materials for which are abundantly found in the country, and thenceforth it will be no longer needful to import at heavy cost linens, cloths, headgear and shoes; and for this the aid of the King may be reckoned on, who is persuaded that he cannot devote to a better object a large sum of money."

It may be seen from these last words the King was disposed to make great pecuniary sacrifices to develop the resources of the country, but first it was necessary to think of increasing the population, and to trust for this to a private immigration movement was absolutely useless, as had been shown in the past.

It was for this reason that in sending the Carignan Regiment to New France Colbert had a two-fold object in view, first, to subdue and crush the fierce Iroquois tribe, and secondly, to make of the officers and men so many colonists, and this in fact occurred.

To Talon is due the establishment of the feudal system, its harshness considerably mitigated, the only system at the time fit to build up an agricultural community; with that

object he granted seigniories to the officers of the Carignan Regiment, the soldiers then becoming tenants (*censitaires*) of their officers.

These seigniories were granted along the shore of the St. Lawrence, on the banks of the Richelieu, &c., &c., for, as Paschal has said, rivers are moving highways, and there was not then, as we have to-day, a paternal government ready to open up means of communication by road and rail.

Furthermore, in 1669, there was sent out, at Talon's request, another contingent of troops, comprising six companies of infantry, the officers and soldiers of which were under agreement to settle in the country; in the interval there had also arrived some 500 other colonists, artisans and labourers.

But it now became a serious question to provide wives for the colonists, for it will be readily understood that in the large number of immigrants thus brought into the country the female element was entirely wanting.

To remedy this abnormal state of things and make marriage a possibility, Louis XIV. sent out to Quebec, in 1665, 100 young girls, and double that number the following year. Talon found this number insufficient, and called for more, and in 1667-1668 a larger number arrived; 150 came in 1669, and the same number the next year. In making his request the Intendant was careful to add certain remarks, as, for instance, to send strong women fitted for field labor, and, as far as possible, those to whom nature had not denied her favours, asking further a small number of young girls of education and good family, that the officers also might be induced to marry.

In his correspondence with the Minister on the subject of women sent out the previous year, Talon writes (*correspondance officielle*, 10th Nov., 1669): "All the girls sent to us in the spring of last year are married, and have had, or are about to have, children, a sign of the astonishing fertility of this country." I leave to Talon, the gallant Intendant, the responsibility of this physiological opinion.

With regard to these marriages, the following interesting particulars are borrowed from a work* referred to in *L'Union Libérale*, of Quebec, by the well-known bibliophile, Mr. P. Gagnon:

"Before settling the colonists in their future residences, to find for each Jack his Jill (*trouver sa chacun sa chacune*), celibacy being a real crime against the state in a new colony, the new arrivals are forced to marry on reaching Quebec; and this is arranged in the following manner. Madame Bourdon, directress of the house set apart to receive the women coming from Paris, picks out their future husbands according to her own fancy. Happy the bridegroom to whom she gives a consort sound in mind and body; and she never fails to duly eulogize the bride-elect, in order that the expected husband may face the marriage ceremony without reluctance."

Whence came these young girls?

From Paris and the diocese of Rouen, and the greatest precautions were taken to send only young persons of good moral character, so that French Canadians, descendants of these first marriages, have no reason to blush for their female ancestors.

The question of population and its increase having been thus settled, Talon proceeded without delay to provide for the material welfare and prosperity of the colony; thus, as early as 1666 Father Le Mercier was able to write:

"The first thought of Talon was to apply himself with indefatigable activity to the search for means whereby he might render this country flourishing, whether by making an essay of what the soil could produce or by establishing trade and securing business relations not only with France, but also with the Islands of the Antilles. . . . He was so successful that fisheries of every kind are carried on in our own rivers, which abound with fish of every kind such as salmon, sturgeon, herring and codfish. . . . The trade which Talon proposes to carry on with the West Indies will not be one of Canada's least advantages. . . . He is forwarding this very year to these islands codfish, salt salmon, eels, peas, fish oils, boards, the whole the produce of this country."

* Les aventures de M. Robert Chevalier dit de Beauchesne capitaine de flibustiers dans la Nouvelle France. Rédigées par M. Le Sage, à Maastricht, 1753, 2 vols., in 8vo.

The M. Le Sage in question is the famous author of "Gil Blas."

* Les premières disputes de philosophes le font dans la Congregation (chapel) avec succès. Toutes les puissances s'y trouvent. M. l'Intendant Talon entre autres y a argumenté très bien."



RUINS OF OLD FORT ERIE, ON THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

Is it not worthy of remark that the idea carried into execution by Talon, of commercial relations between the West India Islands and New France, should be again taken up after a lapse of over two centuries by the Government of Canada?

Colbert sought the encouragement not only of commerce, but also of industries in the colony, as we learn from his instructions; and we also learn from the correspondence of the Mother de l'Incarnation that Talon saw that the Minister's orders were obeyed. "He orders," she wrote, "that hemp should be raised and linens and serges manufactured; this is already commenced, and will grow little by little. Women and girls are urged to acquire the art of spinning."

The *Relations des Jesuites de 1669* inform us of the establishment of manufactures. We there read: "Truly a country is not complete without the aid of manufactures; we see that boots and shoes and headgear are already being made, the linen and leather industries are also in contemplation, and it is expected that by the rapid increase in sheep, wool will soon be produced for the establishment of a cloth factory."

Finally Talon erected a market hall and a tannery in the Lower Town of Quebec, for the convenience of the inhabitants of the town and adjacent country.

Colbert, who watched with solicitude over the material and moral well-being of the inhabitants of New France, had not failed to notice the complaints of Mgr. de Laval, concerning the intemperance of the colonists and the Indians, and he wrote to Talon representing the importance of establishing a brewery at Quebec. The Sovereign Council having had communication of this representation, ordained by *arret* of the 3rd March, 1668, that when a brewery should have been established, no more than 1200 casks of liquors should be imported, whereof two-thirds to be wine and one third of brandy. Talon himself built a brewery, which he sold to the Government in 1684, and which was afterwards transformed into a palace for the Intendant. Buildings, like books, have their destiny, *habent sua fata*. monumental, as the late M. Chauveau has written in connection with this edifice. The palace was destroyed during the

seige of Quebec by Arnold in 1775, and upon its ruins there is built to-day Boswell's brewery, where may still be seen the vaults constructed in 1668. Talon returned to France in 1672, never again to revisit the colony. Louis XIV., wishing to reward him for his signal services, erected his domain of des Islets at Charlesbourg, near Quebec, into a barony, and later, in 1675, into an earldom, entitled D'Orsainville. This domain was afterwards sold by his nephew and heir, himself having remained unmarried, to the General Hospital, which is still its owner.

With regard to his character and qualities, "he had," says Mother Juchereau, "a special talent for distributing the King's bounties in a noble and disinterested manner, which charmed the recipient as much as the gift itself; in one word we can say of him, when compared with his successors, *non est imbutus simili illi*—he has not had his equal."

He left regretted by all, so much good had he done to all classes of persons. He was a man of great piety, having every confidence in divine Providence, to whom he attributed all his success. He enquired with paternal solicitude in what way he could assist the inhabitants. "For this purpose," says Mother Juchereau, "he went into the minutest details, he received the farmers at his own residence, frequently visited them at their homes, enquiring what crop each one raised, found good sales for those having wheat to dispose of, assisted those who had none, and brought encouragement to all."

What was the date of Talon's death, and where do his ashes repose? This I have been unable to learn, although I have made much research on the subject.

This admirable Intendant holds in the history of Canada a prominent place, and is rightly considered one of the most distinguished of the rulers of New France. In truth, this able statesman possessed not only a highly cultivated but also a very practical mind, as well as clear-sightedness and sound judgment, indispensable qualities to the establishment of a colony upon a solid and durable basis, and it is owing to the impetus given by him that New France has continued

to grow and prosper. And while Quebec is contemplating a monument to Champlain, its founder, it would not be inopportune to consider the propriety of commemorating in some fitting manner the virtues and greatness of the Intendant, Jean Talon.

Quebec, 1891.

T. P. BEDARD.

Cricket Curios.

Many stories have been told of big hits; but I think the following is a laughable instance, though the runs scored may not have been so many as one would expect. In a local match in Yorkshire, some five years ago, one of the team opposing the local eleven was Captain C —, of I Zin-gari fame.

He had a huge St. Bernard dog, which followed him about everywhere. In fact, when the match began, the dog had to be chained up to a post in a corner of the field.

By-and-by Captain C — came to the wickets. He was a "slashing" hitter, and soon made a tremendous off-drive, sending the ball to the most distant corner of the field, and just within the radius of the big dog's chain, and the animal calmly took the ball in his mouth and quietly lay down. The fielder was speeding wildly after the ball, and it was laughable to see the sudden halt and change of expression as the dog took possession of the ball. Captain C — saw what happened, and kept yelling, as loud as laughter would let him: "Good old fellow! Hold it, Roy! Hold it tight, Roy!" The batters kept running, and half the field surrounded the dog with cajoling expressions, but the dog just sat and looked at them with the ball in his mouth, and said never a word. He did not look wicked, certainly; but what he was so wickedly big that the fielders kept their distance. At last Captain C — had to lie down and laugh—they had run twelve—and finally came over, and the dog gravely laid the ball at his feet. He—the Captain—said the dog was too foolishly good-natured and quiet to hurt any one, and that if one of them had spoken sternly to the beast he would have let the ball go. But I don't think he was believed.—Ex.



LAC DES ALLUMETTES.

The Hon. J. A. Ouimet.

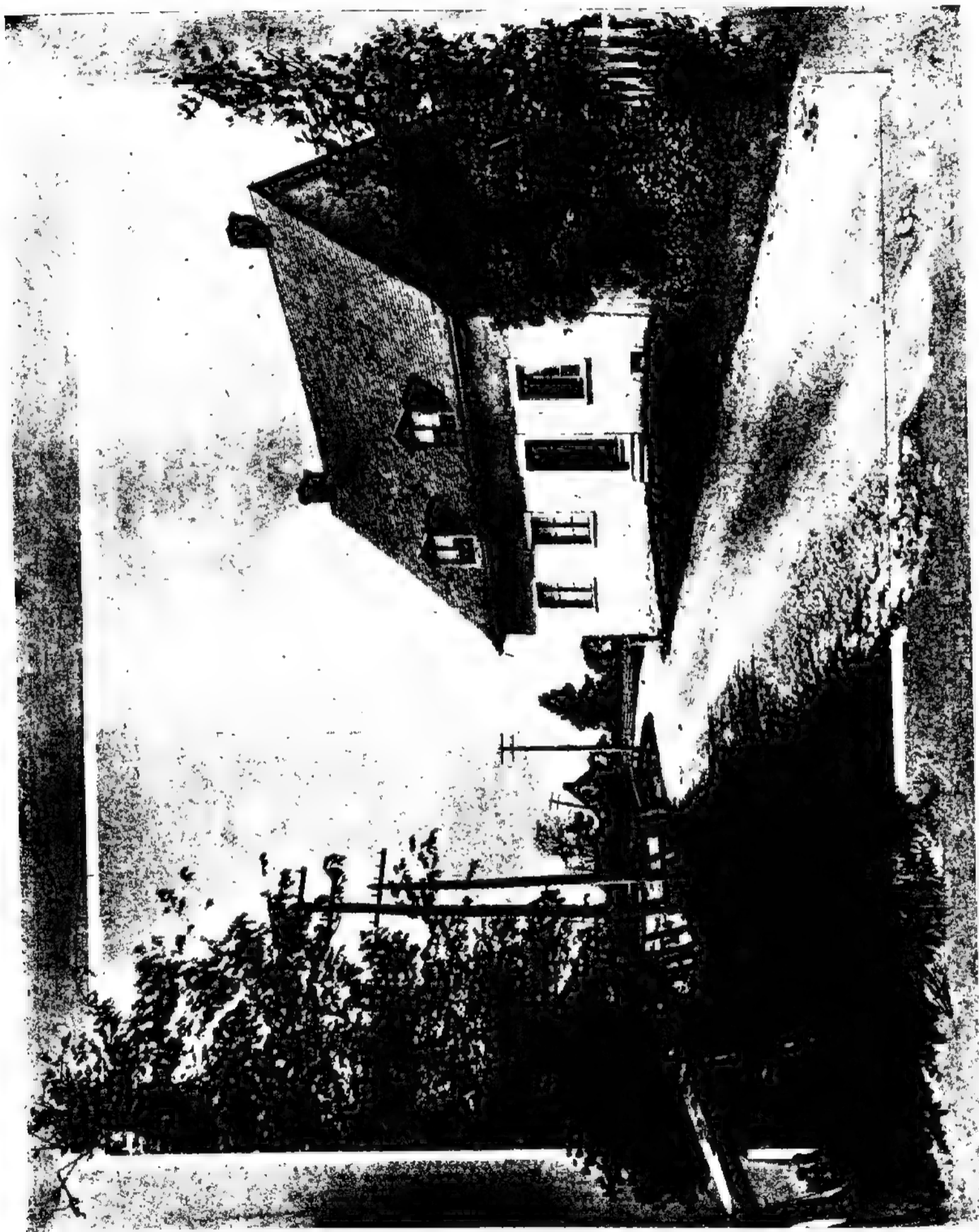
Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Joseph Alderic Ouimet, LL.B., Q.C., M.P., P.C., Laval, who was last week sworn a member of the government of Canada, is a member of one of the oldest families in the Montreal district. He is a son of Mr. Michael Ouimet, J. P., and was born at Ste. Rose, P. Q., on May 20th, 1848. His education was received at the Seminary of St. Therese de Blainville and Victoria College, Cobourg, where he graduated in 1869 with the degree of LL.B. Having chosen the law as his profession he was called to the Quebec bar in 1870, and has since pursued an eminently successful legal career, being now the head of the well known Montreal firm of Ouimet & Emard. He was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1880, when he was also appointed Crown Prosecutor, jointly with Mr., now Justice, Chas. P. Davidson. They both filled that very important office with the greatest efficiency and honour until 1887. Col. Ouimet has always taken an active interest in military affairs, and rose to the rank of Lieut. Colonel of the 65th Battalion, Mount Royal Rifles, which he commanded during the Northwest rebellion in 1885. His battalion was in the field in the Edmonton district, and Lieut.-Col. Ouimet rendered valuable service in pacifying the Indians and prevailing upon the half-breeds to maintain their loyalty to the Government. Col. Ouimet has been for the last three years, and is yet, chairman of the Council of the Dominion Rifle Association, and has always been a warm friend of that organization. He is interested in educational work, and in 1874 was appointed a member of the Board of Roman Catholic School Trustees for Montreal. The parliamentary experience of Col. Ouimet, for a man of his years, has been remarkably long and successful. In October, 1873, when only 25 years old, he was returned to parliament, after a fierce fight, against Mr. L. O. David, one of the brightest champions of the Liberal party. He was re-elected by acclamation at the general elections of 1874, and again in 1878 and 1887. He was also returned in 1891, and from 13th April, 1887, to the close of the sixth parliament in 1891, he held the honourable position of Speaker of the House of Commons, an office for which his ability and experience amply fitted him. Col.

Ouimet possesses a wide knowledge and clear grasp of public affairs in Canada, and is an able and eloquent speaker. On

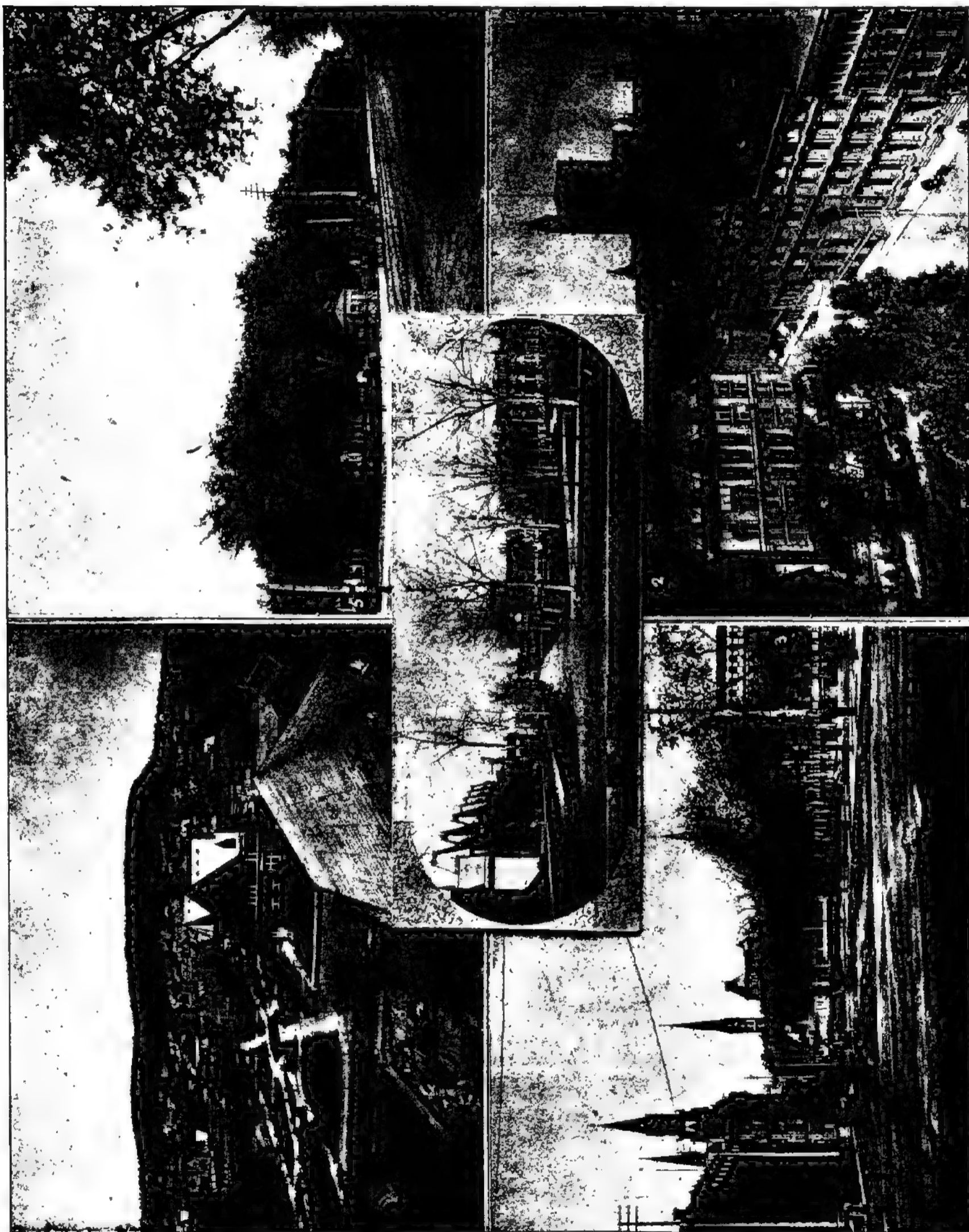
the 20th of May last, his 44th birthday, he was sworn a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council for Canada.



HON. JOSEPH ALDERIC OUIMET, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.



AN OLD-TIME CANADIAN COTTAGE, NEAR DORVAL, P.Q.



Viger.
Place d'Armes.

St. Louis.
SOME PUBLIC SQUARES OF MONTREAL.

Dominion.
Victoria.



CHERRYFIELD, November 4th, 1891.

DEAR ILLUSTRATOR, —

FUNDY and I are on good terms again. His maritime godship smiled, in passing, and so did I. You have heard of imputed restiveness, and a surliness of disposition; but this is "the bubble reputation," which is sometimes blown by the breath of Envy. You have been told he makes no distinction with poet or humourist, and you perhaps come on occasion to prove the truth of rumour, and have cast up half your illustrations. We, ourselves (as editors say) thought we had tasted that original "sprout," — *mal de mer* — making gall of what was honey on our tongue; but we are now inclined to think that something else was the matter. Fundy has certainly reformed, and is now most gentle and considerate, depriving you of no advantage from your dinner, whatever, and rendering the slightest accommodation of that very commodious "Monticello" all that your beautified condition can require. Without a qualm I looked through two volumes of photographic views; without languor I stretched myself at length in the gentlemen's cabin; with unshrinking gorge I encountered the whole bouquet of nautical smells; I walked the steady deck with level head and uncompromised dignity; when, lo! the genius of the serene and constant flood rose up, and said, — "They lie about me; I never did so; give me your hand on it!"

Fundy and I will be friends, — at least till we meet again; he shall never change me into a churlish scribe by a few humours. I would be glad to encounter him oftener, and would be as reckless of his moods as he is of mine. In his most ungracious guise he is but the warden to my native shore, who opens the garden-gate at Digby and welcomes me to Acadie, —

"Where many a tourist wins, I wis,
Thy ling'ring charm, Annapolis;
Where white the apple-orchards blow
By furtive, lurking Gaspereau;
Where leaps the breaker from the sea
On Sable, dark, or Scatarie;
Where wide the teeming marshes spread,
Re-deem'd from Ocean's oozy bed;
Where Fundy's tides rush up the shore,
And Blomidon stands shagg'd and hoar."

Indeed, Fundy, and this unexampled autumn, shall be a luxury out of which the most benumbing touch of Winter cannot take the flavour: I have felt his softest breath, and seen his sweetest light. The morning of approach is like a lily framed in gold; the evening of departure, a rose set in ebony. Watching from the deck, the blue coast seems to lift itself up, and approach, though I hasten away, — as if it said: "Go whither you will, I am still before you." The white foam-path we leave behind us, reaching to that Acadian portal, most unethetically termed the "Cut," suggests, — "There lies the way your thought would go;" and the horizontal telephonic column fulminated from the funnel beside me, and piled away to the dreamy hills in Ethiop masses, assures me that connection will never quite be broken, till, like the smoke, this life vanishes away.

* * *

Your pick of master mariners, — seen through a mist of ideality, of course, — is a good fellow, nobly spirited, abundant in manliness. Delightfully unconscious of himself, unconstrained and prompt in action, and of exquisite courtesy, his compact figure and sunny face bless all who look thereon. Your mother, or wife, *en route*, are safer in his hands than in your own. Cannot he make them comfortable! Some such sail out of various ports of the Dominion, and help to "link the golden chain of love that reaches round the world." One or two were school-mates of mine. Instinctively you feel that of such are the twain who issue from the "Monticello's" saloon, while now the shadows are falling, and a few stars dimly appear. They come deftly and stalwartly, bearing a venerable, but still unwrinkled matron, cosily nestled in an arm-chair, — a lady in their eyes, who smiles her thanks for a service to one who, like the aged Peter, must be borne whithersoever she

* Burdette avers that here the original germ of sea sickness was sprouted; but I saw no proper official recognition of its quality at the Exhibitions of either St. John or Halifax.

would go. With all due praiseworthiness to the saloon of the "Monticello," it was duller than she wished, and inferior to the starlit one of evening, with its carpet of gray-wrinkled sea, and all the spacious, oft-annoted glories to which they bore her. Nature, dear to us, is dear to others, wherefore we love her the more; and this crippled mother's new seating was with a quiet satisfaction that delighted me. The knights of her chair crouched beside her, for a few moments, in mutually agreeable converse, and then withdrew, leaving her to Nature and her serene meditations. She looked away shoreward to the fading hills most steadfastly; and I could but fancy, from the pensiveness of her winsome face, sheltered by waves of silvery hair, that she too looked with me on the land of earliest love, and felt the gentle drawing of those tendrils of the soul, so finely tempered, so reluctantly broken. Happily, wherever she goes she will make an instinctive appeal to respect and sympathy; for her's is the mien both of a chastened and a sweetened life, gratefully sensitive to every influence that can please

"A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent."

* * *

I stood, in the golden afternoon, on a high ridge overlooking a forest-theatre of wondrous maze, when the carnival of colour was at its height, and the season's spectacular play was at its most interesting act. The leaves, drenched in the late autumnal bath were but the fresher, and gayer of lustre. The slopes below me were pitched with golden tents, draped with hangings gorgeous as if torn from myriad rainbows: they are worthy of the conference of kings. There is illimitable interchange of green and crimson, brown and yellow, scarlet and purple; tree and bush everywhere on fire with colour. What glorious prospect this!

"Circling forests, by ethereal touch enchanted,
Wear the livery of the sky."

Let poet burn and despair; let artist mark how God can paint, with sunbeams for pigment, and frost for pencil! I steep my fancy in these deepening hues, profuse and various; I lay therein these mosses, ferns, and lichens delicate, and dyed so wondrously; these mimic shrubs abloom, — the undergarments and frills of the forest, and little ruffs and spangles with which sylvan Beauty loves to adorn itself. All these help to refine this gorgeousness, making these woods a dream of Fairyland. Kilmeny might lie here; happed in enchanted slumber, or in this suite of boudoirs Undine might dress her locks. See, where the summer shade of the maple — pride of leafy things — in merging richness breaks to flame! Its brow of stateliness is not quite ready to dash down its fiery crown. What wonders are here accomplished in a single night! It is the maple's royalty that arrests you, afar off, standing single and alone. It is Mrs. Browning's realization of a bush on fire, instinct with God. Its blood is not anemic, — see, where it flows! It has fed on goblets of wine, till it is purpled; its garments are auriferous. It be-peak the wealth of that Land of which it is the symbol. It is an anthem of colour, running through the whole scale; softening, here; there, rising into brilliancy. It mingles not less attractively with clustered multitudes. A limb, pleated with these broad particoloured leaves, stippled and dashes the duskier green of the firs and spruces. The rarer ash now and again variegates the scene with soberer tint.

The elm may be the premier of trees, in his stately urbanity; "lady of the forest is the silver birch," vide Gerald Massey, — and Lowell assents that she is "most shy, most lady-like." But I assume to say that the maple is home and fireside and good wife, all in one. She is at all times a wholesome matron, but just now I dote upon her. Give her for background a guardianship of fir and spruce, — those grim and dusky sachems of the forest, — and let a warrior-pine be at her elbow, and she shall be a sylvan monarch in undisturbed dominion. A few white birches shall loiter around for maids of honour. But well out in front, in rounded splendour, must stand our Queen Maple, with her crown of rubies; that, seeing her, I may bow down, take off my shoes, and uncover my head. I will not ask for Sinai, nor the bush that glowed with unconsuming fire.

* * *

A brother poet teaches how to gather in brightness from this sunny side of the year, for use when the "stormy winds do blow":

† Arthur Weir: "Hope and Despair."

"I tread the maze of the changing wood,
And though no light through the maples plays,
Yet they glow each one,
Like a rose-red sun,
And drop their leaves, like a glittering flood
Of warm sunbeams, in the woodland ways."

"Poor human heart, in the year of life,
All seasons are, and it rests with thee
To enjoy them all,
Or to drape a pall
O'er withered hopes, and to be at strife
With things that are, and no brightness see"

* * *

"Sarepta," in the *Week*, and in this journal, has strung for us sonnets in rosaries, and given us much valuable and curious poet-lore. Just now, we are told how the night-ingale looks and sings, has been heard, seen and mis-seen, dreamed and fabled about, until it would appear that Pope is not the only poet who has written with his back to the window. The alleged misrepresentation of fact on the part of such poets as have attributed to this bird a plaintive or mournful note may have some palliation in the sentence quoted by our author from Burroughs: "To the melancholy poet she is melancholy, and to the cheerful she is cheerful." Even the august Milton may be accused of going to books, rather than to nature, and thus of making Philomel's notes to seem "most musical, most melancholy." But is this altogether just criticism? Is not this attribution of his mood to external nature one of the prime characteristics of the poet, as also the absorption of universal nature in himself? He sends his mind abroad, and wins all home. "He sees as if he grew in the grass, and groves; as if he stood on yonder distant mountain-top, conversing with clouds, or sublimely sporting among their imaged precipices, caverns and ruins. He flows in that river, chafes in its cascades, smiles in the water-lilies, frisks in the fishes. He is sympathetic with every bird, and seems to feel the sentiment that prompts the song of each; and from this ability to transfuse himself into every object around him in a certain sense he inherits all things." This is one phase of the matter, as given by John Foster, and termed by him *physiopathy*: a kindred one is given by Coleridge, in the lines:

"We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth nature live."

Where, then, is the essential untruth? Is not nature in the heart and spirit of the man, as well as in the bird? If the aim of the poet is, or should be, to convey scientific fact with accuracy, these frequent lapses make him indeed liable to censure; but the time is recent when, with the growth of the scientific spirit on the part of the poet such accuracy demands his close attention.

* * *

(Of all the poems in Mr. Arthur Weir's recent volume best we like "The Valedictorian," — which seems, indeed, the most finished and thoughtful of all his productions. The readers of the *DOMINION* will remember it as a strong impassioned plea put into the lips of a "sweet girl graduate," for the full emancipation of her sex from the fetters of law and custom that restrain her from a fair field in competition with man. It is not easy to tear away fragments from the body of any writing the texture of which is so firm and fine, so generally good, nor will such fragments best exhibit its quality; but lack of space is our necessity, and so we pluck a few tufts by which you may judge of the fleece, whether it be fluff of gold or not:

"Gowned and happy, capped and hooded, radiant with the glow of youth
Flute voiced, like a bird full-throated, she upholds the cause of truth."

"By the beard she plucks the greyheads, laughs to scorn the pride of man,
'Woman free is woman victor, let him rival her who can!'"

"Crying: 'Woman shall have freedom;' crying: 'Cease! less be her strife
That, as unto man, be opened unto her the walks of life."

"On the maid, as on the stripling, Nature doth her gifts bestow."

"Man hath many a mortal conflict, equal conflict hath the maid;
Shall she not in equal armour for life's warfare be arrayed."

"When man holds the moon at mid-day, like a cloud-wraith faint and white,
Nobler than the silver splendour of the harvest moon at night,

The Late A. B. Chaffee, Esq.

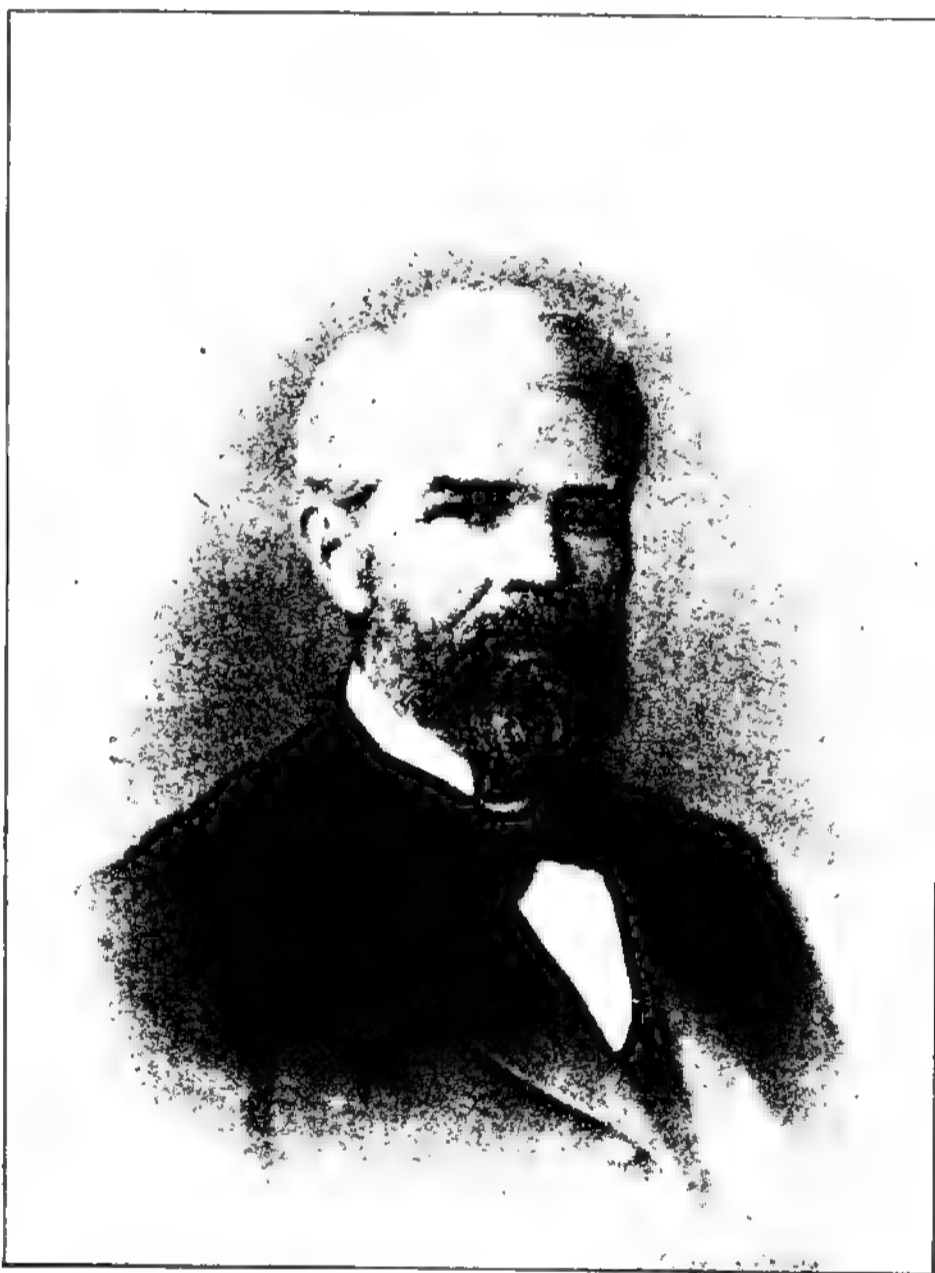
In the death of Mr. A. B. Chaffee, which occurred on the morning of the 2nd inst., and whose portrait we publish this week, is lost a valued citizen, a kind and devoted husband and father, and a true and faithful friend.

He was born on the 4th of April, 1830, in Berkshire, State of Vermont, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, in his 62nd year. Mr. Chaffee had only been confined to his house for about a week with pneumonia, from which disease he died.

As a resident of Canada for thirty years, he had made a host of friends of every shade of political feeling, creed and nationality, a fact which was brought out at the funeral, which was the most representative one seen in Montreal for many years,—the Bench, the Bar, the Consulates, railways, insurance companies, and every professional and

prises, until, at the time of his death no more representative man could be found amongst us. On his arrival in this country he introduced the Hartford Insurance Co., and the Travellers' Accident Insurance Co., and was the general manager in Canada for these companies for ten years, when he associated himself with his brother-in-law, the late Hon. A. B. Foster, in railway matters, and held the position of secretary-treasurer of the old Canada Central and South-Eastern railways for many years. He was one of the promoters and directors of the Dominion Express Co., and for some time an efficient worker for the Canadian Pacific Railway in the earlier stages of its history.

Mr. Chaffee was a shrewd business man, and well posted on all railway matters. Among the many enterprises with which he was connected may be mentioned the following; The Canada Central, South-Eastern, Atlantic & North-Western, Quebec & Ontario, Montreal, Portland & Boston, Lake Champlain & St. Lawrence Junction, Great Eastern, and Canadian Pacific railways, The Longueuil



THE LATE A. B. CHAFFEE, ESQ.

mercantile interest being fully represented. A deputation from a Masonic lodge in Burlington, Vt., of which he was a member, was present at the funeral, and deposited a beautiful floral pillow with Masonic emblems on the grave.

Mr. Chaffee was so widely known that his portrait scarcely needs a word of introduction. He was a good type of the best side of the American character, and beneath a certain quickness of reply and brusqueness of manner, those who had the opportunity of judging well knew that an immense amount of courtesy and great kindness of heart were to be found.

After finishing his education Mr. Chaffee studied law under Judge Aldis, but later on he entered upon a commercial career, and we soon find him filling an important position in the Customs Department at Burlington, Vermont, under Judge Smalley.

Since his coming to Canada, in 1861, the deceased gentleman has been identified with many important enter-

Navigation Co., Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., and many others. The railway on the ice from the city to Longueuil, laid in 1880, and successfully operated for several winters, was in a great measure due to his energy. At the time of his death he was President of the International Railway Publishing Company.

Mr. Chaffee leaves a wife and family of three sons and three daughters to mourn his loss. His two older sons, A. B., jr., and H. Foster Chaffee, are well-known in railway and navigation circles. Of his family three are married, his eldest son to a daughter of Mr. George Beard, of this city, and his eldest and second daughters, the former to Mr. J. M. Nelson, Assistant Harbour Engineer, and the latter to Mr. F. H. Morehouse, of the Audit Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Altogether Mr. Chaffee's death will be very generally felt, and his sorrowing wife and family have our deepest sympathy.

"He will hold the unsexed woman of the forum and the mart
Nobler than the stately matron reigning in his home and heart."

"One there is, and only one, of all the women I have known,
And she won me to a nature dimly mirroring her own."

"Like a summer sunbeam gliding softly through a tangled grove
Through the earthlier throng she wanders, and to see her is to love."

"Motherhood, nor cares of home her progress unto truth shall bar;
Knowledge comes to such as she as to the twilight comes a star"

"The cultured wife a helpmeet fitter for the man shall prove."

"Open fling the doors of learning, all the wisdom maidens win
Some day shall the child that nestles at the mother's breast drink in."

It will appear that the fair "Valedictorian" has the argument, and certainly she is in the trend of our Age's spirit: we see the goal she must come to. The "Romance of Sir Richard,"—from which the volume is intitled,—as also "Faded Violets," and "In Exile," are poems meriting and repaying more than one perusal by lovers of Canadian song.

Not the return of the birth-day so much as the marriage-day of the fortunate husband, awakens sentiment in him, and puts him to rhyming, if that be his habit. The return of such an "anniversary of the heart" is the *raison d'être* of the following stanzas:

FROM EDEN TO EDEN.

When Time's first ering children lost
Their flowery realm and sinless state,
And sought the darkened thorny waste
Beyond the guarded gate;

While backward looked th' repentant pair,
Pierced thro' with sorrows and alarms,—
Seeing the dreadful faces there,
The thronging fiery arms,—

Fast flowed their tears,—and tears might fall,
And still their bleeding bosoms yearn,
For to their bowery festival
They never might return.

Then all seemed lost: and yet, once more
They smiled to see before them move
Two Angels, that bright blossoms bore,—
We call them Hope and Love!

Alive with sun, or star, no less
Bent the blue sky's benignant dome;
And 'neath the sheltering wilderness
They reared themselves a home.

So may we weep that we have lost
The Edens of our vanished years;
Yet shines a star-bright Hope, and most
Of Love comes with our tears.

The wife and husband, hand in hand,
Go forth their destiny to prove;
And, journeying in the Exile's land,
Their altars rear to Love.

And sweetest, most enduring joys
Spring from these dear domestic ties,—
The wine of life that never cloy,
And fruit of Paradise.

No finer music Memnon wakes
At blush of dawn, than Love can hear;
Love glorifies the cloud, or makes
The frowning heavens to clear.

Back o'er the way we look, the whiles,
That runs along the vanished years;
While part appears all sunned with smiles,
And part is seen thro' tears.

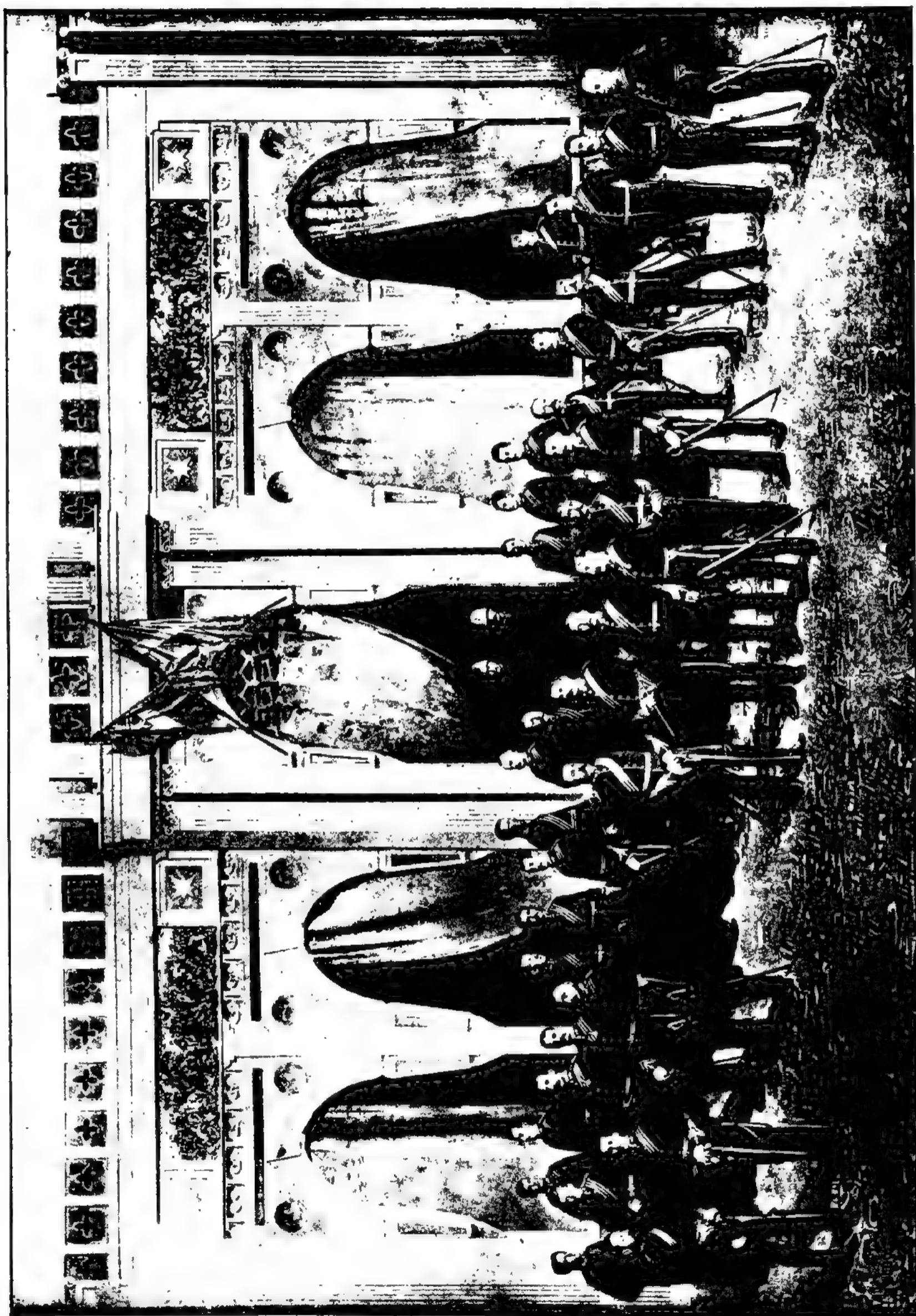
But by each chequer'd scene we came,
Dear wife, unheeding sun or snow;
And onward, till the end the same,
Let us together go.

Then, surely, in that sinless land
Each pure affection still survives;
Nor Death can break that holiest band
Which binds two kindred lives.

The bowers once lost shall bloom again,—
A nobler Eden man shall see;
And starry realms, untouched by stain,
Man's Paradise shall be.

PASTOR FELIX.

The gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms.
Paradise Lost. Book XII.



OFFICERS OF THE 66TH BATTALION, "PRINCESS LOUISE FUSILIERS," HALIFAX.
(W. Notman & Son, photo.)



SPORTS AND PASTIMES



HERE is one thing about the football season that is good in its way and bad in another sense. The good part of the business is that football is such a lively, devil-may-care game that nobody would have staying power enough to stay with it if the season were much longer. The bad part of it comes in on behalf of the public, who want more of it and can't have it. The game called after the school where Thomas Hughes made a world wide reputation is not a gentle one by any means. It trains one to receive hard knocks without grumbling; it trains one to hold a rising temper in submission and it also trains one to know that all is not beer and skittles in this world, even when the game is supposed to be for fun. But there is one great advantage about Rugby football; it makes men—solid, sturdy, self-reliant men, who are usually the last people in the world to get into trouble, but when once in—well, they take the advice of Polonius, and somehow or other about ninety per cent. of them come out with credit. To most Canadians the prophet's "two or three berries on the top of the uppermost bough" means lacrosse in a sporting sense; but to the old countryman who leavens everything he comes across with a little leaven of that Anglo-Saxon spirit that never knows when it is licked, football is the acme of their sporting ambition, and in the Province of Quebec football has never been seen in half the glory that it wears at present. The only pity is that the season is too short.

* * *

For some half dozen years Ottawa College has been posing as the champion Rugby team of Canada. This was their claim, but when they ran counter to the Ontario Union and could not have everything their own way the claim did not amount to the proverbial row of shucks. Instead of smiling, like Shakespeare's villain, they just claimed and claimed and managed to do quite a little of the scare act; but it had no great effect when once there was a possibility of the Montreal club meeting them. They claimed championships on the score of not having been beaten; they did not take into consideration the fact that under the circumstances they did not give a chance to other clubs to beat them. The friends of the club who did not exactly know the real state of affairs, naturally thought that the club was invincible, and like the George, who eventually believed his own fabrications about leading the Guards at Waterloo, they actually believed in their own ideas of invulnerability. It was a sad day for Ottawa. The Montrealers must be iconoclastic, for they knocked from under the clay feet of the idol and then polished up the upper part of the brass with an exceeding great burnish that took pretty nearly all the heart out of the Collegians. There is one great difference in the teams. The Anglo-Saxon end, as I said before, don't know when they are being licked; the Collegians seem to have considerably more sense; they know when they are hurt and they quit accordingly. Ottawa College has been accustomed to play a winning game and they have not been the most gentle of players at that; they have been used to have things very much their own way, and a good way to stop an opponent with a closed hand when it should have been open, and the mouth and ear gouge, was not entirely unknown to them. When they ran across a fifteen that did not mind little things like these, they changed their minds, wavered a little, and as soon as they wavered they got the worst of it. Ottawa College plays a magnificently fast game. They are good football players, but they have not the heart apparently. In a winning game they would be superb; in a losing game they are practically

useless. This was evident to any football player who watched the match on Saturday. They don't like to be hurt and after being hurt once they seem rather inclined to stay away from chances. Byron says:—

"But after being fired at once or twice
The ear becomes more Irish and less nice."

The Collegians don't seem to be Irish to any great extent, for after being stood on their head a couple of times, they religiously stayed away from dangerous tackling. Nerve, strength and pluck are the particular requirements for a Rugby player—particularly the last named, and Ottawa seemed on Saturday slightly deficient in it.

* * *

The match, however, was one of the best ever played in this province, and anybody who knows anything about football and who was there, must have enjoyed himself thoroughly. Both back divisions were splendid, the star on the Ottawa side being Plunkett, who played a magnificent game. They were quick, too, but not quick enough for the overlapping wings of the Montreal end who swarmed in on every pass back. The passing of the Ottawa's backs was phenomenal in the first ten minutes of the game, and during that time it looked as if the Collegians would easily do up the Quebec champions. It was remarkably quick and decisive work, and Ottawa had scored two points before the other people actually knew that they were playing, but this discovery was made later, and instead of the showy, brilliant game started by Ottawa, the others put up a solid and practically impenetrable defence, which was almost immediately changed to the most aggressive kind of an attack. Then it was that the rush of the Montreal forwards and the alacrity of their wings were shown to the best advantage. That forward line of the Montreal team is a great one, and the betting is that they could wedge through anything that plays football. The long throwing back and the punting of the Collegians did not count, for the wings with the stripes grabbed them before they could call on the celebrated Jacobino Robinsino, and as the tackling was most effective the back division of Ottawa, with the exception of Plunkett, were so surprised that they were practically useless. They had been used to the heel-out game where the halves had no more work to do than punt, but they were surprised when the Montreal rushers broke through the scrimmage and carried most everything before them, and the wings wheeled in and nipped in the bud what would otherwise have been a star run or a long punt. Early in the game it was made very plain that to win the College would have to play a very different sort of game. Let the back division alone, but strengthen the forward line and put speed and decisiveness into the wings. To use the words of Private Mulvaney, an infusion of "bowls" would not be misappropriate, especially if the learner could be taught that the fact of being stood on his head once or twice should not throw him out the game.

* * *

The teams that were engaged in this memorable match were as follows:—Montreal—Miller, Taylor, Campbell, Claxton, Fairbanks, Baird, Jamieson, Mitchell, Fry, Reford, James, Black, Bell, Campbell and Higginson.

Ottawa College—Belanger, Cormier, Plunkett, Clark, Gaudet, Troy, Murphy, Vincent, McDougall, J. McDougall, Trudeau, McCarthy, Charron, Guillette, Masson.

The referee was Mr. J. Arnton, jr., and he is a good one if somewhat lenient on the off-side rule. The judges of touch were Messrs. Walker, McDougall, Paton and McKenzie.

The Ottawaites started off with a rush that looked bad for Montreal. But before long it could only be counted as a flash in the pan. Twice was Montreal's full back forced to rouge and the score was two to nothing in favour of the College. It seemed as if the visitors were going to have everything their own way; but the Montreal end had scarcely woke up yet; they were taking in Ottawa's

game, and as soon as they got an inkling of it, the stripes started in with such a rush that the Ottawa men could not handle it, and before they knew well where they were Montreal had got four points from a touch down. It was an easy try for goal, too, but Bell was not equal to the occasion. It was just here that the College did not actually funk, but they made it plain from their style of play that they were beaten. They had not been accustomed to have anybody lead them and they were discouraged. After some scrimmaging and some most effective dribbling on the Montreal side, Baird kicked the ball over the goal line and Fry touched down. Campbell tried for a goal but was unsuccessful. Another rush from Montreal and Belanger had to rouge. Nine to two in favour of Montreal.

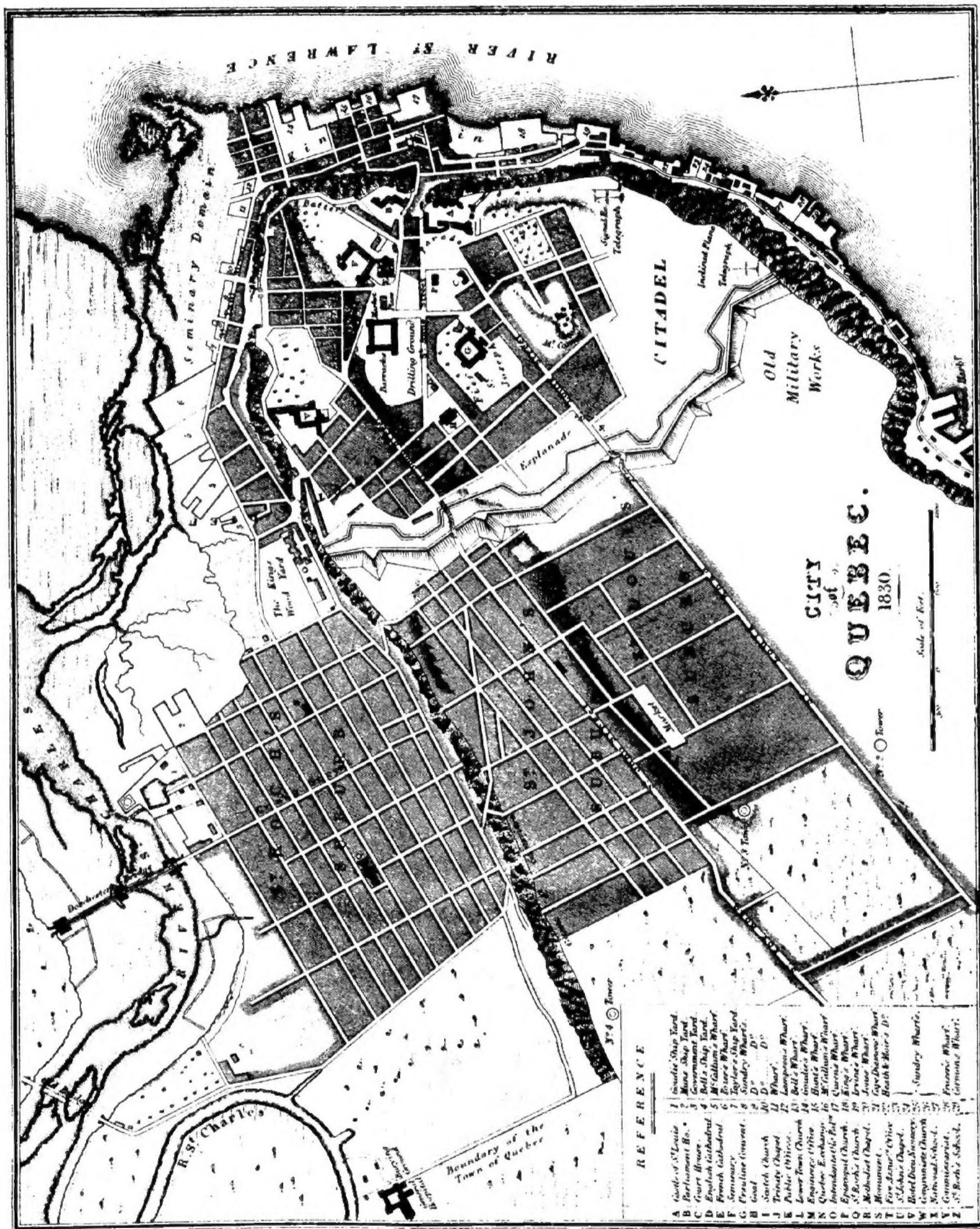
* * *

Luck, too, seemed to be wanting on the Ottawa side, for just when half time was called the visitors were about to have a very good chance from a free kick almost in the Montreal goal line. When, after the usual rest, the Montrealers had the wind in their front and a slanting sun in their eyes, something more than usual was looked for from the half backs. They did their work well, but the scrimmage line hardly gave them a chance to show up. It was hard work to overcome a lead of nine to two. Ottawa started in to overcome it, as brilliantly as they began in the commencement of the first half, but somehow or other they faded away. Cormier, who is a splendid half back, had been making things lively for the Montrealers during the first half, but when he was accidentally stood on his head at the beginning of the second he was no longer dangerous. Plunkett seemed to be made of different stuff, and he supported the back division of Ottawa like a Trojan, although at the very beginning of the game he was the most seriously injured man on the field. A rush of the Montreal forwards resulted in a hard scrimmage near the Ottawa goal line. Belanger's return was captured nicely and the oval sent back; it was touch in goal, and the score stood ten to two. It was the College's turn to score next and they did it in admirable shape. The Ottawa forwards got on a real rush, broke through the Montreal line, carried the ball with them, got within a few feet of the Montreal line, where there was an old-time maul. A scrim followed; the ball got over the line; Montreal had to rouge and Ottawa chalked up another point. Another set of hard scrimmages and a brilliant run of Campbell's resulted in a try, which Montreal's big half back converted into a goal. Montreal, 16; Ottawa, 3. At this stage of the game Ottawa made a tremendous attempt to catch up and they played splendid football. They counted up a safety and a couple of rouges in less time than it takes to write about it and there was the end. Ottawa had seven points and Montreal's last rush carried the ball over, giving Ottawa just time to rouge. When the whistle blew it was 17-7, and the redoubtable Collegians were beaten. The report of the match published in the *Ottawa Free Press* is refreshingly absurd. It speaks of the foul play of the Montrealers. I wonder if the writer knew there was a man on the Ottawa team by the name of Troy?

* * *

On Saturday last the friends of association football watched with interest the match between the Detroit and Scots teams. There were two matches played in this international series and Canada got somewhat the worst of it, in so far that Canada was defeated. On the 31st ult. the Scots went to the City of the Straits and were beaten by three goals to nothing. On Saturday, the 7th inst., the return match was played, and although the Scots won, they did not win hard enough to even matters up, let alone turn the tables, as it was the aggregate number of goals which counted. In Detroit the score was three goals to nothing in favour of Detroit. At Rosedale it was one goal to nothing in favour of the Scots, which left the international match stand two to one in favour of Detroit.

R.O.X.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF QUEBEC IN 1830.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

REFERRED briefly last week to the Church School for Girls at Windsor. I see by the report of the Board of Trustees that everything connected therewith seems to be in a flourishing condition. A short extract from the report will show the satisfactory state of the institution:— "The growth of the Church School for Girls has surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. The school is but ten months old. When the foundation stone of the new building was laid, on the twenty-third of June, of the present year, the accommodation at our disposal was sufficient for twenty-seven pupil boarders and eighteen day scholars, with the requisite staff of instructors and domestics. At the present time, and within the period of four months, we are required to provide classrooms for seventy-eight pupils, and house accommodation for seventy-three inmates. When the present building is completed, before the close of the present year, all available space will be occupied by those now in the school and those seeking admission. The old and new buildings together will afford accommodation for eighty pupil-boarders, the lady principal and nine resident teachers, with ten domestics, aggregating one hundred inmates. If an addition of half the amount already subscribed, or about fifteen thousand dollars, could be made available, there is no apparent reason why the school should not be speedily filled with one hundred and twenty or more boarders (the buildings being extended according to the original plans) and pay a handsome dividend to shareholders." The Rev. C. Willis has been authorized to canvass the City of Halifax in the interests of the school; the shares being only \$5 each, there is no doubt that many will be glad to invest in what promises to be a most successful business venture. Nova Scotia has long wanted just such a school as this, and Windsor is undoubtedly the right place for it. Had it not been for the veto put upon the project by our late bishop, who did not wish any new scheme of the kind to interfere with the prospects of a then existing school in a neighbouring city, the plan of a girls' school at Windsor would have been put into execution years ago. Although Bishop Binney had, doubtless, good reasons for his action in the matter, we are quite sure that he would look with approval and pleasure upon the work now being carried on. This reminds me of the absence of our present bishop, whose health, we understand,

will not allow of his returning to his diocese before next spring. This is very much to be regretted, both on Bishop Courtney's account and also on that of his flock. Many works that he alone can perform must necessarily be omitted, besides heaping on our always hard working archdeacon labours too arduous for his performance, however great his willingness and competency. We most sincerely trust that the spring may bring back our bishop endowed with fresh vigour and energies equal to the duties of his calling, and that no cause may arise in the future to enforce so long an absence from his diocese.

* * *

It seems to us that Mr. Edward Carter, of the *St. John Progress*, has both ambition for the success of his very good paper and the ability to make it all that he would wish it to be. We might make one suggestion to our clever friend, relative to the social letters from his various correspondents in the towns and villages of the Maritime Provinces. The descriptions of the costumes worn by the fair ones at the several entertainments described might, with much benefit, be omitted. It may be very pleasant to Miss Lena Smith to read that she was attired in pink challie at Mrs. Jones' "At Home," but it is scarcely entertaining to anyone else, and takes up space which might with profit be used for more generally interesting information. *Progress* is undoubtedly a capital paper, well edited, well printed, well selected. Mr. Carter has poetical instincts which crop out sometimes in his editorials; his description of a mass sung at the old Basilica in Quebec pleased me extremely; I will give it to you as written: "The singing was excellent, but it happened that day that the organist excelled himself. While the congregation kneeled he told the story of man's sin and sorrow. It seemed as the organ sobbed into silence, that hope was dead, that the fountain of tears must flow forever. Then came a low, sweet note that scarcely breathed itself out upon the still air. It seemed to flutter almost helplessly like a young bird trying its wings for the first time. Then it grew stronger, and other tones united themselves with it, and a gentle melody that spoke of peace pervaded the whole church, then silence, broken only by the third stroke of the silver bell which told that the Sacrament was accomplished. Suddenly a burst of harmony came from the organ loft, loud, full and strong, the prelude of a song of triumph which told of wrong made right, of the weak made strong, of love triumphant."

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There has been an extensive difference of opinion among some prominent business men of Halifax with reference to a safe manufactured by J. & J. Taylor, Toronto, which was injured in the late fire. The point at issue seems to be

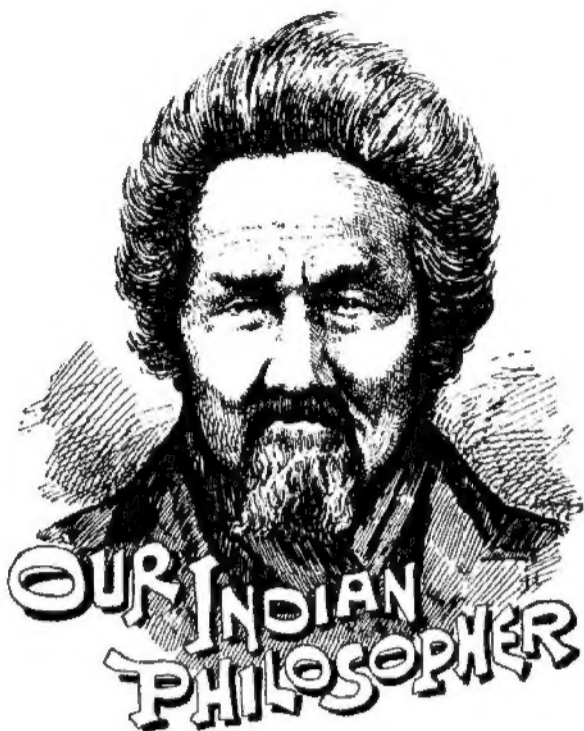
whether or not the owner of the safe is right in congratulating the makers on the satisfactory resistance of the safe to fire or not. The participants in the dispute, who are carrying on an animated wordy war in the daily papers, do not hesitate to give each other the lie direct. Whether, as Mr. Neily states, the safe *did* stand the fire test admirably, or whether, as Messrs. Bateman & Sons aver, it proved inadequate to the occasion, Messrs. Taylor, safe makers, Toronto, are getting a good deal of free advertising. Speaking of safes reminds me of Mr. Warner's very successful venture in the way of quack medicines. Not many people, I daresay, are aware of the manner in which the much-invested-in "Safe Cure" received its name. Mr. Warner had for some years earned a fair livelihood by travelling as an agent for safes, but he pined for larger fame and more rapidly increasing dollars. He had a friend who, without being a regular practitioner, knew something of herbs and medicine, and to him he went. "Give me," he said, "a preparation of different substances which would be good for the kidneys and liver." His herbal friend accordingly did so, and Mr. Warner started his all in a venture which prospered beyond all his anticipations. He put all the money which he had managed to save in the days of his hard work into the preparation of this medicine (which was a matter of comparatively small outlay) and in extensive advertising. He called his medicine "Warner's Safe Cure," in remembrance of his former occupation, and because there was about the name a singularly appropriate sound. To-day Mr. Warner, who is a clever, shrewd man, and understands the public for whom he composes his advertisements, is enjoying the profits of the enormous yearly sale of his medicine.

* * *

The professors of Dalhousie have disappointed the fair men and maids who have been looking forward to Munro's day with pleasurable anticipation, by deciding that there shall be no tripping of the "light fantastic" at their annual celebration. It seems a pity that the young people, who expect this diversion, should have their hopes thus dashed to the ground, but they must bear the fatal edict as best they can, and try to enjoy the reception as it *will* be rather than as it *was*. The authorities have their own way of looking at these things and, doubtless, have good reasons for their action in the matter.

* * *

We are looking forward with pleasure to the Christmas number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*. We have no doubt that the number will be all that the public expect of it, and to us one of the pleasant features in the most happy and gayest time of the year.



The Sagamore



THE reporter, like one of England's kings when he ascended the throne, was filled "with high hopes and glorious ambitions." Perhaps it was the unaccustomed lofty purpose shining in his eyes that startled the sagamore, for the latter regarded his visitor with a doubtful glance and moved nearer his tomahawk.

"Old man," the reporter said, "my days of apprenticeship are ended. The humble scribe has now his

reward. Behold the editor of the *Purist*."

"You him?" queried Mr. Paul.

"I am he," majestically rejoined the visitor—"at least I will be. I have been invited to fill the editorial chair of the *Purist*."

"That's pooty big job," observed the sagamore.

"It is, indeed. No more important and responsible position is at the option of any man. I feel it. The sense of it weighs upon me. And the more so at this critical period of our history as a nation. Not that I shrink from it. What zeal and earnestness may do, that will I. It is a duty, my brother—a solemn trust."

"When you gonto begin?" the old man asked.

"I have already begun. Shall I read to you my opening effort?"

"You kin," replied the sagamore.

"It is not yet in type," said the visitor, "but it will be to-morrow." He produced a manuscript and read:

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

"There has never been a time in the history of Canada when the demand for honest men and men of lofty aim and purpose was so urgent as in this hour. Purer methods of government, personal integrity, a desire for the triumph of just principles and a determination to have a hand in the effacement of every corrupt stain from our national escutcheon are the needs of to-day. We want a fearless and untainted judiciary, a courageous and incorruptible press, free from the leading strings of partisanship, a quickened public conscience and a higher sense of what is due to ourselves as citizens and to our national honour. Our honour has been dragged in the dust. Our boasted superiority over our neighbours in the matter of political purity and official honesty has been proven a

"delusion and a fraud. Let the cleansing process begin. This is not a time for recrimination, or the petty warfare of party against party; but a time for the union of what ever is good and true in all parties for the general good. This it shall be our constant aim to advocate. We have no other aim or purpose, feeling, as all honest and patriotic citizens must feel, that to delay will simply be to pile an Ossa on the Pelion of our national disgrace."

"That's pooty good start," remarked the sagamore, when the reader paused.

"So I flatter myself," modestly rejoined the visitor. "I think that covers the ground fairly well. I think our subscribers will be highly pleased with it. They ought to be."

"But that's only good for one day," said Mr. Paul. "What you gonto do next day?"

"I have another ready," replied the editor, turning his manuscript over and reading from the other side:

A PESTIFEROUS OLD SKUNK.

"So it appears that Mr. Pumper is in the soup too. This immaculate man with so fine a nose for scandal has stirred up the wrong nest. In poking around to unearth a boodling scheme he has inadvertently let the cat out of the bag, and the public have learned where Mrs. Pumper got that set of jewelry which has been so much admired. It appears that as a consideration for his permitting a bare-faced raid on the public funds his wife was made the recipient of a boodler's bounty. That is refreshing, certainly. We always knew that Pumper was an unmitigated humbug, but never until now has he appeared in his true colours. If our information is correct, there are several more bombshells in store. Let them burst, and the sooner the better."

"Seems to me that's pooty strong," remarked the sagamore.

"The circumstances warrant it, sir. It is the duty of an honest journal to speak out."

"Kin you prove all you said there?"

"Oh, as to that, it isn't always possible to prove even the truth. But there's a rumour to that effect, and the public ought to know it."

"What you gonto put in next day?" queried Mr. Paul.

"I will repeat that one on 'The Duty of the Hour,' with some verbal changes. We must keep that before the public."

"And the next day?"

"Oh, I suppose it will be necessary by that time to apologise to Pumper for calling him a skunk and a humbug. Of course he'll kick like a mule, and, as I have written the article without taking the trouble to be sure that it's true, very likely I'll have to apologise to him and his wife. But it'll get its work in all the same."

The sagamore seemed to be puzzled a little.

"Didn't you say you're gonto run good honest paper?" he inquired.

"I'm not aware that I did," replied the other.

"That's what you said in that first piece you read," persisted the sagamore.

"Oh no I didn't. I didn't say anything about this paper. It was the other papers I was talking about," replied the editor. "How is the name of all that's respectable can this paper keep up a reputation for purity, and talk about purity, if it doesn't point out impurity? And if impurity can't be found it's got to be imagined. There must be contrast. People wouldn't care a cent about purity if we didn't keep dinning the impurity business into their ears."

The sagamore was silenced, if not convinced, by this argument.

"Well," he said, "what you gonto put in next day?"

"The next day I will get our emergency editor to study up the map of South America, and locate a revolution somewhere down there—not too close to the telegraph lines. That will enable me and the encyclopedia to collaborate in an interesting and instructive article on the

semi-civilization of those communities, and draw therefrom some valuable lessons for Canada."

"Ah hah," commented the sagamore.

"The next day," pursued the editor, "I will have a savage attack on Jones. I always did hate Jones, and since he's got into public prominence I hate him more. I'll scald him about every other day. Now that gives me a good start. There you have the general subject of purity, particular charges of impurity, and apologies for the same, South American affairs, or Central African would do as well, and a personal settling of old scores. By ringing the changes judiciously on these I will have enough editorial matter to fill the necessary column or so in the *Purist* for the next six months."

"And by that time," remarked Mr. Paul, "you s'pose you'll have this country so pure an angel kin live in it."

"Not a doubt of it," complacently rejoined the editor of the *Purist*. "I have been carefully studying the editorial columns of our contemporaries and observe that they are all on the same tack. That is a healthy sign. Just leave us alone for six months, each to follow out the line of conduct we have all entered upon since the CRISIS came, and purity and righteousness will cover the land as a mantle. Purity is what we're after, and this is the way to get it."

And so saying the editor rolled up his manuscript and started for the composing room of the *Purist*.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

The Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar.



Earl Warwick was called the Kingmaker because of his immense power and influence in the politics of his time. We do not speak of Kingmakers to-day, or that title would certainly fall to the subject of this sketch, the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar; for he as a maker and unmaker of laws and governments has achieved a reputation beside which that of Warwick fades into insignificance. It is the prevalent habit of American newspapers, and of some Canadian ones as well, to set forth in glowing terms and by the side of the portrait of each individual the great merits and political or other achievements of citizens of that country. But, strange to say, none of them have yet published either a biographical sketch or a portrait of the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar, who is to day unquestionably the greatest politician and the foremost statesman of the republic. In fact were it not for the influence of the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar most of those other semi-celebrities would never be known beyond the confines of their own bourgade. It is through him that, for instance, a man who wants to be nominated for the State Legislature of Tennessee, or a town council in Wyoming, is enabled to pose before the readers of a number of Canadian newspapers as a man of stupendous ability, unparalleled sagacity and great good looks. But the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar does not receive any credit for his good offices in these cases. This is a manifest injustice. To speak of the part the Hon. gentleman plays in politics would be to tell how men are elected to the legislature, how particular measures are adopted or rejected—in short to tell how the whole machinery of politics and government is kept in motion. In the affairs of cities and parishes, as well as in those of nations and individuals, the Hon. Mr. Bright Dollar is a potent influence and a most important factor.